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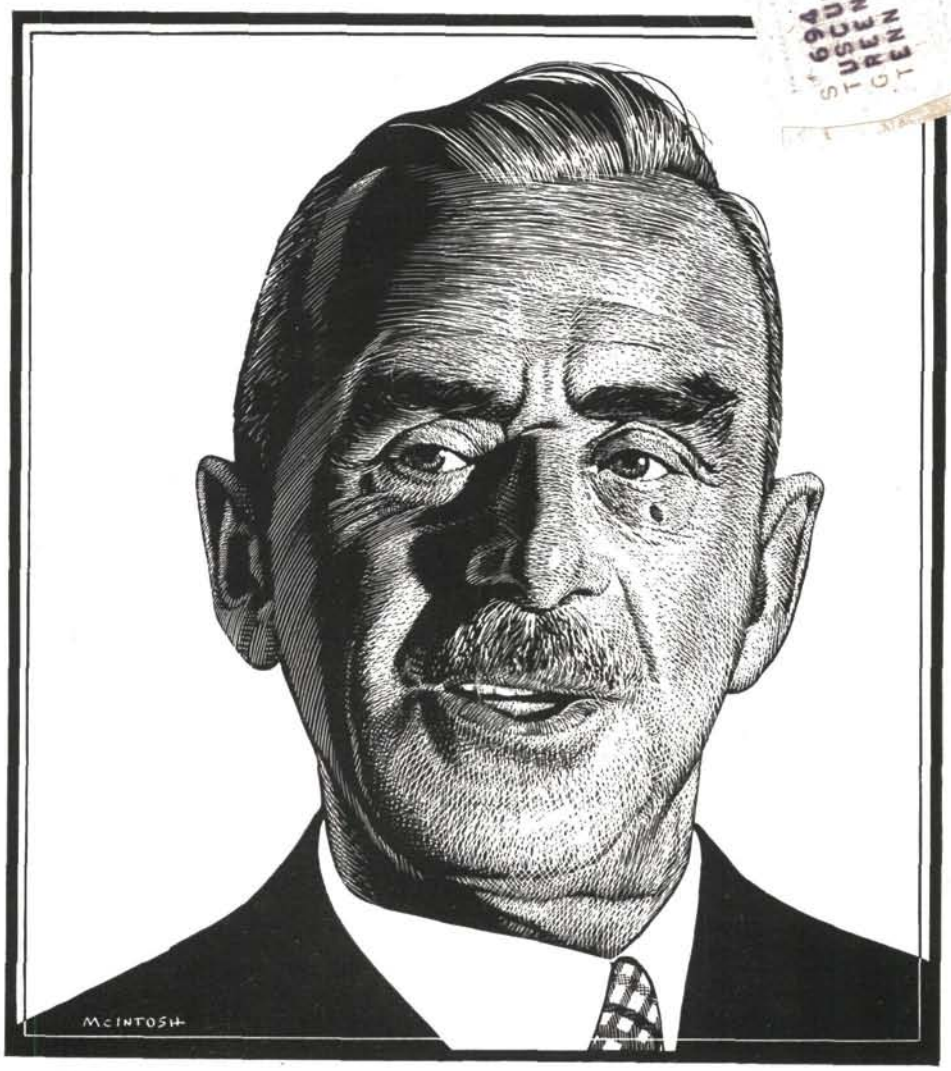

Thomas Mann, author of "Essays of Three Decades." *(See page 9)*

The Perception of Hell

By JOSEPH WITTLIN

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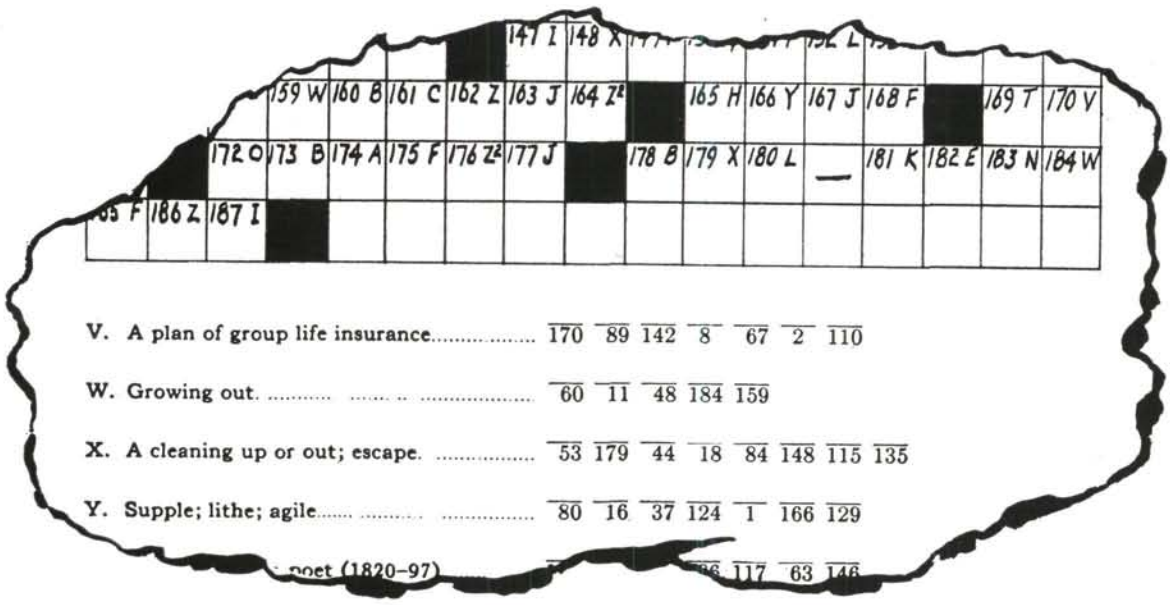

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June 14, 1947

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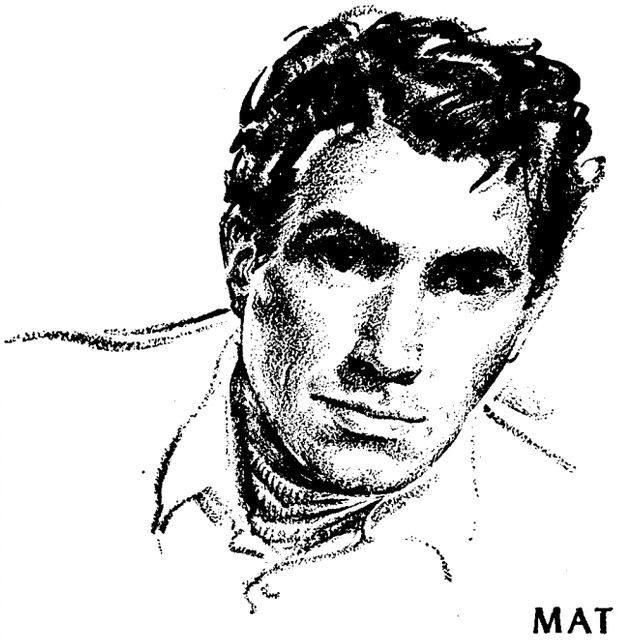

MATTHEW STEEL,

ruthless young shipmaster, fought his way up from the waterfront docks to change the course of history in the dark hour when England stood ready to recognize the Confederacy—and the Russian Navy sailed up New York harbor.

About Mrs. McNeilly's first novel, HEAVEN IS TOO HIGH, the critics said "Eminently readable . . . colorful, dramatic, panoramic" *(Chicago Sun)* . . . "a fine sense of narrative" *(Harry Hansen)* . . . "romance and high adventure united with history to make this a book of the year" *(Dr. Daniel A. Poling)*.

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THE SWALLOW PRESS & MORROW

PAUSE UNDER THE SKY

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Warren Beck

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TRADE Winds

THE SEVENTY-SEVENTH annual edition of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus has hit the road, weaving westward along the Canadian border. Before its forty-week tour is concluded, and the props and pachyderms are back in their winter quarters in Sarasota, it will have visited the big cities on the Pacific Coast for the first time in six years, and returned East by way of Texas and New Orleans. The running order of its exhibits was pruned and polished during its month's stay at Madison Square Garden. The circus is the one professional entertainment unit that regards New York as a try-out town. If its performance is running smoothly by the time it is under the big top, everybody is highly satisfied.

That the new circus is the most dazzling and original in its history, and really lives up to its traditional modest billing as "the greatest show on earth" is due to the uncanny showmanship of one man: its producer and part owner, John Ringling North. John knew that this was the pay-off year—that the lush days when *anything* was good enough had gone out with war production and the OPA. "If I'd given them the same tired acts we featured for the past six seasons," he told me, "I'd probably be selling apples in the lobby this minute." Instead, he sailed for Europe a year ago, combed the Continent for novelty acts, and came home with forty that truthfully could be labeled "First Time in America." At least four of them practically stop the show and the beating of your own heart at the same time. I suggested that he get hold of one pair of acrobats who were about to be deported, just so he could bill them as "The *Last* Time in America." John thought I should stick to book publishing. . . .

NORTH JOINED THE CIRCUS in 1916, when he was thirteen, and, barring time off for Yale, military service, and an unexplained detour into Wall Street, he's been there ever since. His first job was in the ticket seller's cage. Frugal farmers' wives would somehow contrive to gather strapping sons up into their arms and brazenly attempt to get them in for half price. It was John's job to bellow, "Come, come, ladies! Let your men folk *walk*." The first time he ever saw the circus from a plushy ringside box at the Garden was the night he acted as host for three other future greats: Robert Benchley, Charles MacArthur, and Ginger Rogers. They had dined and wined copiously before their arrival, and the performance was in full swing when they were seated. Directly in front of them a juggler was balancing flaming torches on his forehead, nose, and chin, and manipulating a couple of Indian clubs at the same time. One false move and he would have been enveloped in flames. Benchley watched him in awe for a moment, then whispered, "And I can't even get a cup of coffee to my lips!"

For many years the head publicity man for the Ringling Brothers was Dexter Fellowes, who could toss off flowered phrases with less effort even than Basil Davenport. The young North accompanied Fellowes one morning to the city desk of a St. Louis newspaper. "Hulloo and happy tidings," cried Fellowes. "The circus is in town!" The editor scowled and said, "What circus?" Fellowes threw his hands in the air and demanded, "When they say the band is playing 'God Save the King,' do you ask *what king?*"

FOR GENERATIONS, ONE OF the standard products offered for sale by circus hawkers has been "pink lemonade." The origin of this peculiar potation, according to North, goes back to the days when one Peter Conklin was handling the refreshment concession for Mabie's Mighty Circus in the South. One afternoon was such a scorcher that lemonade sales reached unprecedented heights, and Pete Conklin ran out of his principal ingredient: water. He rushed into the dressing room of Fannie Jamieson, the lady trapeze artiste, and, heedless of her protests, seized a tub of water in which she had been soaking her bespangled red tights. "Analine dye never hurt nobody," pronounced Pete. To the reddened water he added a spot of tartaric acid and sugar, and promptly began shouting, "This way for the only lemonade in the world guaranteed *pink*." The customers were intrigued, and, when nobody came down with even a mild convulsion, pink lemonade became standard equipment in the refreshment tent. . . .

Relegated to the sideshow in the circus this year are the two gorillas who once were the greatest attraction: Gargantua and Toto. They are currently billed as "Mr. and Mrs. Gargantua," although keyhole gossips swear that the widely-advertised romance never got to first base. One malicious report has it that Toto, like Gargantua, turned out to be male; the other that Gargantua simply doesn't give a damn. North admits that, in his effort to further the cause

"What ever happened to Bingo?"

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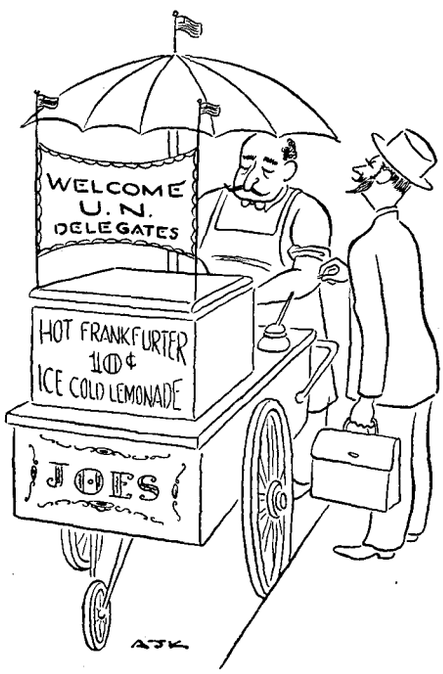
of true love, he once ventured a step too close to Gargantua's cage in Sarasota. The gorilla took a single swipe and came up with a sizable section of Mr. North's shirt and necktie. He carefully folded up the piece of shirt and guarded it fiercely; the necktie he threw to Toto. North regards this as a distinct reflection on the taste of himself and the Countess Mara.

A FORTY-WEEK GUARANTEE and the Ringling scale of salaries are unheard of in the European circus world. So is the Ringling practice of paying all but the incidental expenses of the performers, once New York is left behind. (On tour, the circus feeds over 1,400 people—more than two full-strength infantry battalions—three times a day.) Foreign acts accordingly regard a Ringling engagement as a fruition of their wildest dreams. One Belgian artist, however, was compelled to tear up a contract after it had been signed, to the mutual consternation of John Ringling North and the Belgian. His act was a distinct novelty: it featured two enormous pigs—one black, one white—which had been trained to do a number of astounding tricks. For a finale, they played cornets with their snouts, the tune being, appropriately enough, "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" North felt that the act would give the 1947 circus the one new comedy act he was seeking, but the U. S. Government made the best laid plans of pigs and men gang very aft a-gley. "There's hoof-and-mouth disease reported in Belgium," declared the authorities. "Don't put those pigs on a ship if you want to preserve them. They will be slaughtered under the law before the vessel touches American soil."

John North tried every known device to land his two talented porkers in Florida, but the authorities were adamant. Finally he wrote the Belgian trainer that the deal was canceled, but he was so anxious to get him here that he offered to pay his passage and full salary for a solid year if he would come and train a couple of American pigs. "You can have the same act ready for the 1948 season," he pointed out. The Belgian replied in due course: he would consider the offer, but he was not at all sure he'd accept it. Somebody had warned him, it appears, that American pigs are very stupid! . . .

I TOLD THE PIG STORY to Russel Crouse at the American Booksellers' "State of the Union" party, as a typical example of what promoters of international amity and understanding are up against. Russel was promptly reminded of a couple of pig stories of his own. One of them concerned a pig owned by Bob Burns who swallowed a stick of dynamite, rubbed against a building, and caused an explosion that razed four city blocks. "It sure was upsetting," mourned Burns. "For a couple of days we had a mighty sick pig on our hands."

The other story involved Arthur Hornblow, the MGM producer. A little farm idyll he was supervising



called for the services of a little black pig, and he found just what he was looking for in Oswald, whose owner rented him to MGM for $35 a week. Halfway through the picture, Oswald failed to appear for work. Hornblow phoned the pig's owner, who reported sorrowfully, "Oswald is a very unhappy pig. I don't think he'll work any longer for $35 a week." It developed that only a boost to $200 a week would salve Oswald's injured feelings. "Blast Oswald," shouted the enraged Mr. Hornblow. "We'll find another black pig."

This proved more difficult than anyone had anticipated. The studio finally impressed a snow-white pig into service, and carefully painted it black. By the end of the day, four stars, thirty-one extras, and Mr. Hornblow were smeared with black paint. The pig itself looked like the latest thing in polka dots.

Faced with open mutiny, and the loss of fourteen days' shooting on the script, Mr. Hornblow acted with the promptness and decision that have made his name a by-word in Culver City. He bought Oswald for $2,000 in cash.

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

Civilization at any point you want to consider it consists of people and things. When a particular civilization is characterized, it is characterized in terms of things. Our civilization, what is left of it, is a materialistic thing. But that doesn't mean that all its people are materialistic. It does imply that when a person isn't, there's bound to be conflict between that person's values and the action required of him.

The most spectacular of such conflicts manifests itself in our civilization in the creative person, whose creative ends and means come up against the wall of material requirements—the writer, the musician, the artist who cannot provide for his family, whose philosophy of creation is rendered obsolete by a sophistic pragmatism.

Now what is the point of all this? Just this: I find that it was no sheer coincidence that I should have been thinking about it recently and then found that LILIAN VAN NESS had written a book on it, a book called **The Indifferent Blade.**

This is perhaps the most significant intellectual conflict of our time, and she has handled it with great skill. The plot is a simple one: a sculptor whose art conflicts with his family's needs; a daughter who understands her father but is shut out of his life because she has none of his creative ability; another daughter who has that understanding plus a young architect husband out of a job; and the interplay of these characters, heading toward inevitable disaster, especially since both daughters love the architect.

All this is presented in writing that is both sensitive and powerful. She handles the story and its theme with unusual skill and perception. It's worth reading.

paul

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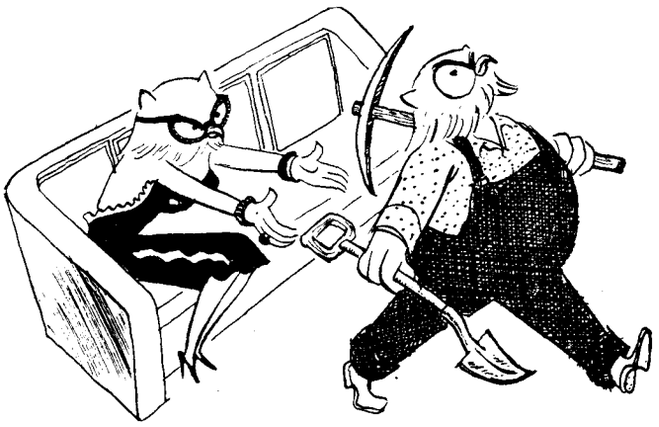

No lap dog he

AN ADVERTISING MAN we know once wrote a wonderful short story and one of the big weeklies published it. Out of that writer's own experience came the idea for the central character, a young man, writer of advertising copy, who became enamoured of each product for which he wrote. In the end, he had to leave advertising because, in his devotion to duty, he had bought himself a chewing-gum factory.

We find in ourselves the same reprehensible and puckish tendency. Give us galleys of Norman Thomas' APPEAL TO THE NATIONS and we want to go out and save the world. Give us Charles Morrow Wilson's EMPIRE IN GREEN AND GOLD and we hunger for a banana. Give us James Lewis Kraft's ADVENTURE IN JADE and almost at once our college geology, which always intrigued us, comes tantalizingly out of memory.

Mr. Kraft is a happy man of many parts, all obviously running as smoothly as a purring motor. He is thought of as a friend by thousands of employees of the Kraft Foods Company. He is widely honored, in the quiet manner he prefers, as a man who respects God. But most of all, he is a lover of jade, and his book is a love story about a very alluring, mysterious, and rewarding hobby.

The lady jade bears a myriad of names, and for a capricious mistress with about five thousand years of history behind her, she bears them gaily—jadeite, nephrite, and chloromelanite which is "always black of a depth not to be approached by the most witch-ridden midnight." Jade has endless colors, from white to black, and the names of these, given by the Chinese, are lovely on the tongue—cassia, rose madder, melon peel, date skin, fruit flesh, candle red, sky-after-the-rain, purple-of-the-veins, paint black. Pure white jade, extremely valuable, is extremely rare. The Chinese say, "There are one hundred colors of white jade."

Reading ADVENTURE IN JADE is to sit with a friend, serene, philosophical, and filled with the repressed excitement of discovery. James Kraft is both rockhound—interested in the search for stones—and amateur "lap", the lapidary interested in working with stones. "Logically, I suppose, a man who is both rockhound and amateur lap should expect himself to be called a lap dog! But this is a libel which no combination rockhound and lap will take sitting down." Nor would any sensitive reader call names. For more pleasure has seldom been available to the inquiring mind between the covers of a book. Short of *being* James Lewis Kraft, chances are you wouldn't know what he knows about jade. You probably wouldn't know its long and curious history (the name itself is the result of a credible series of incredible misunderstandings), its symbolism, or—and this is a modern frontier still to be conquered—the presence of valuable deposits on the American continent. And all of it is presented through the kind, wise eyes of a man who knows how to live, who delights in beauty, to whom beauty is a very personal thing. Perhaps it is in a tiny pebble, polished by the Pacific, in a cave off Monterey; perhaps it is in the great boulder of 2,495 pounds brought from the side of a mountain in Wyoming to the Chicago Natural History Museum. "Jade madness" is a truly inspiriting thing—and James Lewis Kraft is its prophet. It makes its victims respecters of nature at her finest, and when they are blessed with a sense of humor like Mr. Kraft, we find them paying obeisance like this:

> "Nature, even in her solemnest geologic dignity, is not above playing a joke. To polish a caveful of gems, and cover them with sea so that a man may view them just 120 minutes out of a day—and that only by running very fast—is just the kind of thing nature delights in. Simple grandeur, I suppose, could grow awfully dull without an amiable thrust now and then at the two-legged creatures who are forever invading her privacy."

Mr. Kraft is an admirable two-legged creature, a man of simple grandeur and good faith.

Adventure in Jade

By JAMES LEWIS KRAFT

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Perception of Hell

JOSEPH WITTLIN

THE old man who for several years now has been delivering my daily bread to my house in Riverdale, in the outskirts of New York, was born in Sicily. He has charm. His Italian is pure, untinged with any dialect, and he knows it. He takes a modest satisfaction in correcting my mistakes in his native tongue. On occasion he has proverbs and maxims handy, some of which recall the times when Greek gods were still treading Sicilian soil.

Many years of his life have been spent baking bread or delivering it, and yet he seems to be aware that man lives not by bread alone. One indication of this awareness appears to be his interest in my work. One day he asked me whether I had read the "Divine Comedy." When I told him that I had, he inquired further: "What do you think—was Dante really in hell?"

With this astonishing query he touched on the essential problem of all poetic fiction, no matter whether it meets the reader's eye in *terza rima*, in hexameters, or in prose. What did the old baker mean by stressing the word "really" in his question? Presumably, the spell to which he succumbed in reading the "Inferno" was too strong for him to believe that any man could possibly describe the appearance, the structure, the institutions, and inhabitants of hell in such precise detail without having passed through it on his own feet and having seen all of its horrors with his own eyes.

As late as a few years ago, certainly until the outbreak of the war, I should have found it less difficult than today to give my Sicilian a satisfactory answer. I might have ventured to tell him in those days that no living person had yet set foot in hell—that only the souls of men were going to hell, not the feet of men. This subject might have so intrigued our baker as to oblige me to add an explanation: that hell is an ancient fiction of mystical visionaries and mystical moralists among almost all the peoples of antiquity—a fiction which was later taken over by the eschatological religious systems of the Middle Ages, and which celebrated its poetic triumph in the "Divine Comedy." Probably, in those days, I should have mentioned also that medieval art and literature always represented hell as something worse than earth—a place in which those who have sinned on earth suffer eternal punishment, because the heavenly judgment has not deemed them worthy even of purgatory. As for Dante, I might have said that he created his own hell on the basis of some antique and medieval visions, that he populated it as he saw fit, and described it so vividly as to give us the illusion that he really had been to hell.

It was a game, fixed up between him and us; we often give the poets a measure of credit for telling us fictitious, generally fantastic, incidents as if they had really taken place. Perhaps I might finally have pointed out to our Sicilian that there are

—*Louis Quintanilla.*

"Forced to Dig Their Own Graves."

such things as hallucinations and mental borderline states between dream and wakefulness—and in so doing, of course, I should have fully respected his Catholic faith.

Now, however, after six years of war, I should be compelled to revise my ideas of what hell really is, and where it is. Of Dante's hell we know that it was located far underground—to be exact, beneath a mountain. Today, at times, all his terrors seem like mere idylls—even if idylls full of nightmares—in comparison with all the things that have occurred on the ground, especially on that of my native country. Dante's visit to his Inferno was an exceptional case, due to the special patronage of Virgil; and besides, it was not extended and was followed by other inspection trips, to purgatory and to heaven, too. For today's hell on earth no patronage is required. By now this hell has permanently devoured several millions of people who were anything but gifted poets, and only a very few have managed to escape from it. I myself know a man who recently was in hell and gave a very talented description of all that he saw there, in his book "The Story of a Secret State." His name is Jan Karski. He was an officer in the Polish Army, and from 1939 to 1942 served as a courier in the Polish underground movement. Rather than by a poet of antiquity, he was guided through one of the many sub-divisions of hell in Poland—through one of the extermination camps—by a bribed member of the Estonian militia who was on guard duty in this camp. With the guard's aid and in the disguise of an Estonian militiaman, Karski was able to witness the extermination of several thousands of Polish Jews. He was a witness in the very sense in which the Greek word *martyros* means witness. With his own eyes he saw a few armed men cram many thousands of defenseless, naked, starved, half-crazed human beings into freight cars. . . . Thousands of

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men, women, and children suffocated there; they died like flies. Neither devils nor demons nor fallen angels were encountered in that hell by the witness of these "Dantean" scenes. The work of the devils there was done by mere uniformed men. They inflicted torments on those naked and defenseless people without any wrath; calmly and coldbloodedly like expert technicians, they tortured these people before death and forced them in groups of a hundred and twenty apiece into railroad cars able to hold fifty, at most. Then they poured quicklime over the railroad cars. Those defenseless people were unquestionably damned, like the characters in Dante's hell. But it was not God who had damned them; it was not He who had sentenced them to suffer their protracted agonies, but a man—one whose doctrine was spread by more than four Evangelists and twelve Apostles. Karski's book is not a figment of his imagination, nor that of another's. It is, in fact, the classic counterpart to a work of poetic fiction. Nor is it the report of an indifferent traveler touring hell under a safe conduct, for on its pages we find descriptions of tortures suffered by Karski's own body, and by his own soul. All the horrors described there were *really* experienced by the author, in the sense in which the Sicilian used the word "really."

Books of this type are very numerous today, although their authors are not always as gifted as Karski. These books belong in the literary category of reporting. In the past few years this category has reached a certain degree of perfection—for one thing, because the authors have become trained specialists with new observational methods at their command, but also because our time abounds in improbable and yet real occurrences straining the very limits of human imagination. Among the different types of reporters two in particular stand out: the professional reporters and the accidental reporters. Those of the first type look for and pursue dramatic situations in the outside world; deliberately they expose themselves to dangers, so as to describe them afterwards. They always push into the thick of things, squeeze into tanks and submarines, go out on missions with the bomber crews. Many a daredevil of this sort pays with his own life for his ardent desire to grasp life at its most torrid. But the present also favors the accidental reporters. They are people turned against their will not only into witnesses, but often into heroes of the dramatic events which they describe, once they have had the good luck to get out of the danger zone.

There are, however, such books as "My Prisons" by Silvio Pellico, and Dostoievsky's "Stories from a Death House" which owe their existence to the fact that in both cases the authors were sentenced to death and after commutation of their sentences languished for long years, one in jail, the other in the *katorga*. These books scarcely will be classified as reporting. In the "Stories from a Death House" especially, it is hard to tell how much is "fiction," and how much is "truth." Both of these works were written at a time when poetic fiction was still rigidly contrasted with truth —that is to say, with authenticity. In Dostoievsky's case we clearly see the author following the innate proclivities of a poet—that is, the proclivities of a writer who makes the action of a book conform to his will by deforming the so-called reality. Dostoievsky's poetic proclivities impelled him to seek authenticity in the souls of those who were with him in the *katorga*, rather than by photographing the *katorga*. Nor did he waive that privilege of the poet I might call "transfiguration."

Today the development of reporting, charged as it is with an exact photographic reproduction of authenticity, would seem to pose a serious threat to the poetic novel and the novelette. It would also seem as though the continued existence of these literary categories required a certain combination of the old elements of poetic fiction with the newer elements of reporting. And in fact, some praiseworthy steps already have been taken in this direction: "Journey to the End of the Night," the Roman picaresque by L. F. Céline, or a few of A. Malraux's works might be cited as instances of such a happy marriage of convenience. On the other hand, the belletristic work of Thomas Mann might serve to show how the novel, in our time, has victoriously defended its independence. The reporter has no ambition to transfigure in his books the people he meets on his travels, nor has he the least wish to form and express their mental processes. He is satisfied with an expression that is subjectively or objectively characteristic, and achieved in compliance with recognized formulae. The novelist, on the other hand, must visualize his characters "for the first time," so to speak —as if no one had ever seen these people before—even if they are popular, historic figures. This is what I mean by "transfiguration."

A MAN writing a novel or a novelette has not merely the right but the duty to suggest the most improbable and irrational traits in his characters. He has the right to stage the most fantastic spectacles with the aid of these people. Thus, for example, in Thomas Mann's novel "Joseph the Provider," we find an Egyptian gaolkeeper, Mai-Sachme, whose soul and character have been endowed by the poet with traits so beautiful and noble as probably no prisoner in the history of the world has yet observed in "reality."

There is even more to this. In reading works of poetic imagination we often feel pleasure even if their sole subject is the ugly and the repulsive. If my memory is correct, it was Schiller who called this "the delight in awful things." What we demand of the reporter, on the contrary, is that he satisfy our curiosity. So we must not depreciate the enjoyment offered us by the art of a poet. Often this enjoyment is our only indication as to whether we are reading a work of art. Such works as the "Divine Comedy," the "Human Comedy," the novels of Dostoievsky, "Moby Dick," or "The Magic Mountain" afford us great intellectual, moral, and esthetic pleasure, although so much occurs in them that is repugnant. It would be hard to say that Jan Karski's excellent book is "beautiful." It is merely a shattering document of a time when hell moved from the nether world to the surface of the earth. But Dante's hell is beautiful, and from it we already get a presentiment of heaven. For none but the poet is able to lend a metaphysical aspect to the menace and ugliness of human existence, and thereby to link our earth with those spheres for which every man is aiming, consciously or unconsciously, with or without the help of religion.

And the art of transporting people from one world into another is a privilege of great artists alone—of those who *really* were within other people's souls. There, too, are found a hell, a purgatory, and a heaven.

Joseph Wittlin, prolific Polish poet and essayist, now making his home in America, is author of the novel "Salt of the Earth."

Cradle Cure

By Dilys Bennett Laing

WHATEVER I have grown of fault
out of the seedy human land,
I bury in the basic sand,
cure in the fundamental salt.

From corn that bends me to the loam
before I break it from the stalk
I come down to the sea. I walk
back to my backbone's coral home.

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A Mosaic of Mann

ESSAYS OF THREE DECADES. By Thomas Mann. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1947. 472 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by ERIC BENTLEY

THOMAS MANN occupies a peculiar place in our culture. His prestige is tremendous, and yet one has the impression that his greatest works and his most serious thoughts are known to few. One meets many people who have bought the Joseph books but have not read them. The matter is worth looking into.

If one were to assert that the two greatest men of letters alive today are Bernard Shaw and Thomas Mann, nobody would be astonished. Yet it is well known that Shaw is always laughed off. As for Mann, he is never laughed *on*. He is already received with the bored and boring reverence which we accord to those classic authors (like, say, Ben Jonson or Corneille) whom we do not much care for. And latterly Mann has crowned everything by becoming a political pundit, in which role he has added a little pomposity of his own to the already prodigious pomposity of his admirers. Nowadays one of his favorite chores seems to be the writing of all too generous blurbs for mediocre books. "Goethe in Hollywood," chirruped *The New Yorker*. Mann had asked for it.

The best service that this new selection of Mann's essays could do is to answer the question: what does Mann really stand for, after all? Take the topic of intellect and feeling, reason and unreason, which pervades all Mann's work. When one asks today where Mann stands on the question, one tends to get one of two replies: either that he is the great opponent of fascist irrationalism, an apostle of reason, or that his own record is stained by championship of anti-Western *Kultur*, by irrationalism itself. Checking these replies against the essays, one finds both of them superficial and misleading. Mann is a many-sided person and he has developed. As a young man he evidently felt that the Western intelligentsia had been too exclusively taken up with reason. Later, when fascist irrationalism swept Europe, Mann promptly and unequivocally went to reason's defense. Yet he remained the same person. He did not forget—except perhaps at rare moments of political enthusiasm—that the modern liberal mind has been superficial in its psychology, has lacked that sense of the depths which is called "tragic" or "religious." The liberals, Mann remembered, have much to learn which Schopenhauer and Wagner and Nietzsche could teach them. Fascism or no fascism.

Of course if Mann had left it at that, he would himself have remained entangled in the perilous ambiguities of his great German masters. Gradually he extricated himself. The political extrication—from nationalism, "easternism," etc.—is recorded in the essays and speeches which his American publisher gathered into the volume "Order of the Day" some five years ago. Humanly much more instructive and important is the philosophical extrication recorded in the new volume, "Essays of Three Decades": Goethe was Mann's life-belt, and Sigmund Freud threw him the rescuing rope. Less enigmatically: Goethe had shown that a synthesis of intellect and instinct, light and night, could be achieved. And in our own torn time, Freud had shown that reason could boldly confront unreason and even make inroads upon it. "Where id was shall ego be." Unlike the liberal optimists, Mann faced the fact of death. But unlike the decadent irrationalists, he did not end by *wishing* death. Death will be conquered, as his Hans Castorp puts it, by love, not by reason. Of those modern writers who have affirmed life, Mann, perhaps, has seen furthest into the depths. Of those modern writers who have seen into the depths, Mann perhaps, has most beautifully affirmed life.

Consequently it is a mistake to rejoice in Mann the convert to democracy and to disparage the Mann who belongs at once to the German bourgeoisie and to German Romanticism. As he himself knows, the latter person is still very much alive and, indeed, is contained within the former. From Mann the "symbol of democracy" we have, moreover, little or nothing to learn that could not better be learnt elsewhere. In Mann "the reactionary"—as in his masters—there is a good deal that we have not yet learned. And from the attempt at a synthesis of the two traditions — uniformly successful or not — we could learn most of all.

All this may help to explain why "Essays of Three Decades" is so in-

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

THE COMPLETE PLAGIARIST

Lambert Fairchild, of New York City, submits the following ditty whose lines are taken from well-known poems. Can you name the source of each? Allowing four points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy-two is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 12.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear,
Oft in the stilly night,
A story about a brave engineer.
He was a shameless wight.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
Was the lady that's known as Lou,
And it wasn't the least what the lady meant.
(What I tell you three times is true.)

'Twas in the month when lilies blow
In a kingdom by the sea.
Between the crosses, row on row,
A scornful laugh laughed he.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
At the end of a perfect day?
Creep into thy narrow bed!
One isn't loved every day!

The stag at eve had drunk his fill
And I'll not ask for wine:
The mystery which binds me still
Is that old sweetheart of mine.

We buried him darkly at dead of night
Beneath the churchyard tree,
Gaily bedight, a gallant knight,
Here's a double health to thee!

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finitely more satisfactory a book than "Order of the Day." In truth Mann is no publicist; he cannot adequately play the pretentious social-prophetic role that has been thrust upon him. He has been a poet much less of the immediate outer world than of the inner realm, a mediator, as he puts it, between Nature and Spirit. (Compare him with H. G. Wells!) We can scarcely be surprised, then, to find much more nourishment in the smallest piece Mann writes, say, on Storm, Fontane, or Chamisso than in his most grandiose address to the German people.

The new volume, unfortunately, does not contain *all* Mann's non-political essays. Nothing he has written since 1939 is in it, nor are some of the best essays earlier printed in "Past Masters" (1933). (One would almost like to insist that the publisher include "Freud's Position in the History of Modern Thought" in some future edition.) Nevertheless, it is a doubly rich book: rich as treatment of the topics discussed, rich as the revelation of Mann's interests and opinions. Where else is there anything quite like Mann's essays? Neither entirely informal nor entirely systematic, neither merely personal nor severely objective, they are in range and depth among the most remarkable things in all criticism. If I were asked to name the best essays ever written about Mann's masters I think I should name Mann's own "Goethe and Tolstoy," his "Sufferings and Greatness of Richard Wagner," and his "Schopenhauer." If I were asked where to find the best examples and summaries of Thomas Mann's thought I should name the same three essays.

"Essays of Three Decades" is a good book by a sound pragmatic criterion: the reviewer finds himself unable to give the reader any adequate idea what it is like or how much it contains. Of the numerous things that impress themselves on my mind as I go back over these essays many of them long familiar to me, Mann's conception of the writer is perhaps worth mentioning in conclusion.

A writer must have brains. "A completely unintelligent poet," says Mann, "is the dream of a certain romantic idolatry of nature. It does not exist." (I commend that statement to our drama critics.) But brains are not enough even when allied with a natural creative gift. Mann insists on two further factors: culture and tradition. Culture implies a discipline of the imagination. Today a brainy writer sooner or later turns out a best seller and then spends the rest of his life as a public figure drawing a large income from the book clubs which regularly select all his subsequent attempts to write the first best seller over again. Mann's type of writer, whatever his outward circumstances, is dedicated to his work, which develops quietly and gradually and from within.

Another part of a writer's discipline, according to Mann, is the *earning* of his cultural heritage by arduous study of the masters. For even the greatest master not only has been, but remains, an apprentice. Thomas Mann's own proper (and sometimes funny) pride is offset by a very sagacious modesty. In one essay he is not loath to call himself the pupil of an artist who in our time has often been declared third rate—Richard Wagner. Discussing the greatness of Goethe in another essay, Mann speaks of "us moderns, who are but heat-conductors between that greatness and our own times." How many of our lesser writers would be content with so modest a role? And yet how few of them would be equal to it!

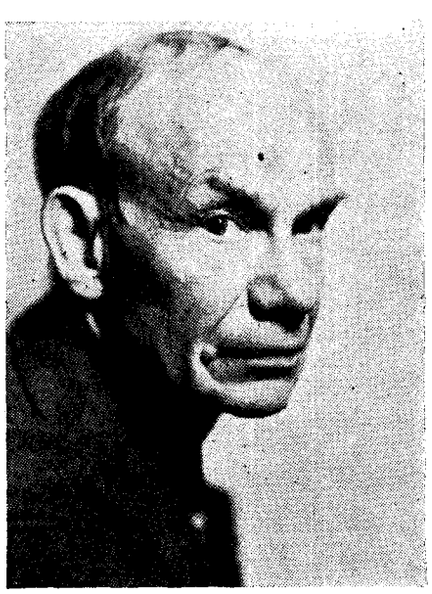
Eric Bentley is the author of "A Century of Hero Worship" and "The Playwright As a Thinker." He teaches at the University of Minnesota.

A Publicist with Keen Eyes

THE TURN OF THE TIDE. By H. M. Tomlinson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 182 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

FEW observers have had so clear a vision of our troubled world, or made so keen a diagnosis of the ills afflicting it in the last forty years as H. M. Tomlinson; and none writes with a more restrained and effective passion, a more lucid and subtle prose. Reason and imagination, light and heat are in these essays of Mr. Tomlinson's. He rarely raises his voice, and so his anger, his contempt are more deadly. How I wish he had given us the name of the "eminent politician" who, asked in 1941 what difference it would have made to mankind in general if Plato had never lived, answered baldly, "No difference at all." Mr. Tomlinson, who gently, almost lovingly, slays the man, writes his obituary; and we need the name to put on the poor wittol's tombstone, a far handsomer one than he deserves.



—*British Council.*

H. M. Tomlinson: "Democracy is the luxury of personal relationship."

Mr. Tomlinson has an almost unerring ability to prick generalizations, especially those beloved by politicians, with a simple, awkward question. For instance, in 1942 he wrote that "some of our legislators, and a group of very important shipowners and industrialists, are all sternly opposed to international control of the airplane. They insist on having what they call 'freedom of the air' . . . Freedom for what?" And one can see the people of importance rubbing their heads, unable to answer this tiresome question.

But this keen-sighted publicist doesn't let the common man slip by—we're all to blame:

> Democracy is the luxury of personal relationship . . . the democrat . . . blames this authority or that in his own country, or preferably in some other country. . . . Fear will make a man suddenly and fiercely political while forgetful still of the fact that he was always a social creature, but had forgotten his neighbors.

Indeed in all these papers—the longest and earliest dates from 1935, the latest 1944—Mr. Tomlinson is occupied with the problem of democratic principles and the unreadiness of the ordinary man in the application of these principles to the other fellow. His great asset is a sense of the past, of the pressure of human history, whether recognized or not, on the men and affairs of today. He is, that is, firmly within the pattern of Christian culture, though he has the intellectual diffidence of the traditional English liberal in claiming his place in it. His last essay "Christmas Eve" is, in its moving picture of East London under the blitz, a lovely essay in hope, the only hope, he would say, that can give the world the faith needed to confront and conquer our besetting terrors.

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The Victor of Alamein

MONTGOMERY. By Alan Moorehead. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1947. 245 pp. + Index. $4.

Reviewed by FORREST C. POGUE

MOSES, Cromwell, and Napoleon are the military leaders most admired by Viscount Montgomery of Alamein according to his biographer, Alan Moorehead. The British commander, he believes, shares the two qualities which they hold in common — supreme confidence in themselves and the ability to pass on this confidence to others. However, he believes that Montgomery is more like Chinese Gordon and Stonewall Jackson, and that he most closely resembles not a soldier, but a holy man —Mahatma Gandhi. For, says the biographer, the British general and the Hindu saint are excellent choosers of men, they take their strength from the common man, and they enjoy "the genial conviction that what they said and did was absolutely right, a conviction which they managed to impart to a great many people."

Mr. Moorehead, Australian-born newsman, won his reputation in World War II as war correspondent and author of four books on the war. In this first attempt to tell the full story of General Montgomery's life, he has used to advantage information which he gained from close association with the Field Marshal and his staff.

Nearly one-half of the biography is devoted to a study of the Field Marshal's personality. Mr. Moorehead obviously believes that the key factor in his development was the clash of wills which went on between Montgomery and his mother, which led the former to the belief that life was an unending struggle against superior forces. At St. Paul's School and again at Sandhurst, which he entered despite his mother's wish that he become a minister, Montgomery continued to develop strong, stubborn characteristics. He liked games because he liked an audience and because he liked to order people about. It was a fixed determination that others should obey him because "he sincerely believed he could manage affairs better than others."

Between 1908 and 1939 Montgomery changed little in his basic attitudes. At various army posts he tended to avoid social affairs, and to concentrate on drill and shooting. During World War I, in which he was badly wounded at Ypres and won the D.S.O., he developed almost fanatical habits of mind, reducing everything to simple elements of right and wrong. Between World Wars I and II, he sought to put the Army right, to rewrite training manuals, and to introduce new training methods. This period of intense concentration was broken only by his marriage in 1927, which ended with his wife's death ten years later. This shattering blow led him to work even more furiously.

Of the General's exploits in World War II, Moorehead emphasizes the victory at El Alamein. While properly giving credit for the General's effective work in restoring the confidence of the British troops and in laying the groundwork for victory, Mr. Moorehead minimizes the work of General Alexander, ignores the claims made for General Freyberg by some of his followers, and overlooks the charge which is sometimes made that Rommel escaped complete defeat only because of General Montgomery's insistence on "tidying up his administrative tail."

The battle in Sicily receives only a few sentences, while five pages are devoted to the means by which the General gained the devotion of his troops. On the landings in Italy, Montgomery is represented as an opponent of the invasion plan since apart "from his temperamental dislike to carrying out an operation which he had not designed himself, and in which he did not have a leading part, he believed his own forces were too small for what they were being asked to do."

The two chapters on Northern Europe are extremely sketchy, placing far more emphasis on the personality of the General than on operations. On the planning period, we find that once the invasion plan was decided on "Montgomery abandoned the details to de Guingand (his chief of staff) and the Americans and devoted himself entirely to the soldiers."

Particularly interesting is the chapter "The Great Argument," which appeared in *Collier's* last summer. Despite reference to parts of General Montgomery's correspondence with General Eisenhower and quotations from General Montgomery's "From Normandy to the Baltic," the account cannot be accepted as definitive. The story errs in its dramatization of the controversy between General Eisenhower and General Montgomery which careful study shows did not reach the bitter and personal basis which Mr. Moorehead indicates.

—From the book.

Montgomery "and the Hindu saint [Gandhi] take their strength from the common man" and enjoy "the genial conviction that what they said and did was absolutely right."

On two of the three controversial points listed by the book, Mr. Moorehead appears to accept the view of Supreme Headquarters. He cites General Eisenhower's contention that without the port at Antwerp it would be impossible to accept Montgomery's proposal for "one powerful, full-blooded thrust into Germany" to end the war. The author doubtless was aware that this suggestion was opposed by Montgomery's chief of staff, a fact recently announced by General de Guingand himself. On the matter of the appointment of a ground force commander, which General Montgomery urged, Mr. Moorehead makes clear that the Americans, who were furnishing five armies to two for the British, could not put all their forces under a British commander, nor was it likely that the British High Com-

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mand and the British public would accept Montgomery's offer to serve under General Bradley.

Mr. Moorehead takes issue with Captain Butcher and Mr. Ingersoll on the matter of Caen, offering numerous reasons for believing that General Montgomery did not plan a breakout to the Seine there. However, the author makes two controversial statements which are difficult to substantiate: "They forgot that it was not Caen we wanted but to attract the bulk of the German armor and artillery to this end of the bridgehead so that the Americans would be able to make an easier break-out at the other end," and "the plan as laid down by Montgomery in March 1944 was followed to the letter and with overwhelming success." It is quite clear from all pre-invasion documents and from statements made by General Montgomery prior to D-Day that the possession of Caen, the airfields to the south and southeast of Caen, and the high ground east of the Dives River, which is east of Caen, were all considered of vital importance. That the General did not persist in his efforts to take Caen, when they were found to be too costly, is to his credit, but it did involve some change of plan.

The book suffers from disadvantages common to many initial full length biographies. The author has not been permitted access to all the pertinent documents, and he was obviously required to use with circumspection much material which he possessed. In his desire to avoid repetition of operational detail contained in his earlier volumes on the war, Mr. Moorehead omitted considerable information essential to the complete understanding of his subject. Since the book was written, there has appeared in London General de Guingand's volume which deals much more authoritatively and thoroughly with some of the points mentioned in the biography. Much of the new material on the campaign in Northern Europe, consisting of copious quotations from the privately circulated "From Normandy to the Baltic," written by 21st Army Group staff members at General Montgomery's direction, has now been made available to the general public. The most valuable and enduring parts of the book, therefore, are to be found in the personal interpretations of the Field Marshal and his activities by an able newsman who knew intimately General Montgomery and his staff.

Forrest C. Pogue, of the Historical Division of the War Department Special Staff, is engaged in a study of the campaigns in Northern Europe.

The Dark War

AMERICAN AGENT. By Mark Gayn and John Caldwell. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1947. 220 pp. $3.

Reviewed by LAWRENCE K. ROSINGER

WORLD WAR II was fought on many fronts, including the battlefield, the home front, and what the authors of this book call "the dark war"—the arena of struggle for influence over the minds of men. John Caldwell was an operator on this third front, and "American Agent" is the story of his year in coastal China for the Office of War Information, from the early autumn of 1943 until

sickness and the approach of the Japanese armies forced him to leave in September 1944.

Although the events themselves are now old, they are still of absorbing interest. Mark Gayn, who presumably played a major part in giving Caldwell's story its literary form, has told with skill and sensitivity the tale of this American, born of missionary parents on the south China coast, who returned to the scenes of his childhood on a wartime assignment. Caldwell knew the speech of the Foochow area, his parents were still there in the midst of war, and he was clearly well fitted to gather information and to help raise Chinese morale by spreading knowledge of the American war effort. His task, however, was far from easy, for he carried out his work on the very threshold of Japanese-occupied China when large-scale American assistance seemed a rather remote hope to most Chinese.

The book is centered about Caldwell's relations with people—the pirates, opium runners, smugglers, and possible spies with whom he dealt, the newspaper editors whom he provided with stories and pictures about the war against the Axis, and the Chinese civilian and military officials who facilitated his operations. The events which made the wartime headlines about China—the ebb and flow of the military struggle, the conflicts between the Kuomintang and the Communists, the friction among governments in the Allied coalition—are not in this book or enter only obliquely. Yet a good deal of light is thrown on the China war as a whole because Caldwell's experiences are symbolic of the larger canvas, as well as being interesting personal history.

His revelation of large-scale Chinese trading with the enemy helps us to understand one of the reasons for China's wartime economic and political deterioration. The questions asked of him by Chinese newspapermen are equally revealing: "Do you have censorship in America? Is it controlled by the ruling party? Do your censors take stories out of the paper because you have attacked some grafting general, or criticized bureaucracy, or asked for national unity?" Much is also explained by the American order, shortly rescinded, which called Caldwell back to Chungking early in his work because, as an Embassy man said: "It seems you've been talking too much about democracy and stuff like that. Well, Chungking heard this, and didn't like it any too well. The Embassy naturally didn't know what you were saying here, and they're worried. They don't want you to talk any more."

The most impressive aspects of this book are its warm sympathy for the Chinese people, its utter rejection of a cynical attitude toward China, and its implicit assumption that the soundest course in working for Chinese-American friendship is to hold fast to a truly democratic policy. "American Agent" should be read for these features as well as for its engrossing narrative, in which local color, humor, suspense, and the grimness of war have been mixed with an expert hand.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Longfellow: "Paul Revere's Ride." Moore: "Oft in the Stilly Night." Anonymous: "Casey Jones." Byron: "Childe Harold."

Halleck: "Marco Bozzaris." Service: "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." Kipling: "The Vampire." Carroll: "The Hunting of the Snark."

Tennyson: "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." Poe: "Annabel Lee." McRae: "In Flanders Fields." Longfellow: "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

Scott: "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Bond: "The End of a Perfect Day." Arnold: "The Last Word." Meredith: "Aux Italiens."

Scott: "The Lady of the Lake." Jonson: "To Celia." Poe: "Alone." Riley: "That Old Sweetheart of Mine."

Wolfe: "Burial of Sir John Moore." Wordsworth: "We Are Seven." Poe: "Eldorado." Byron: "To Thomas Moore."

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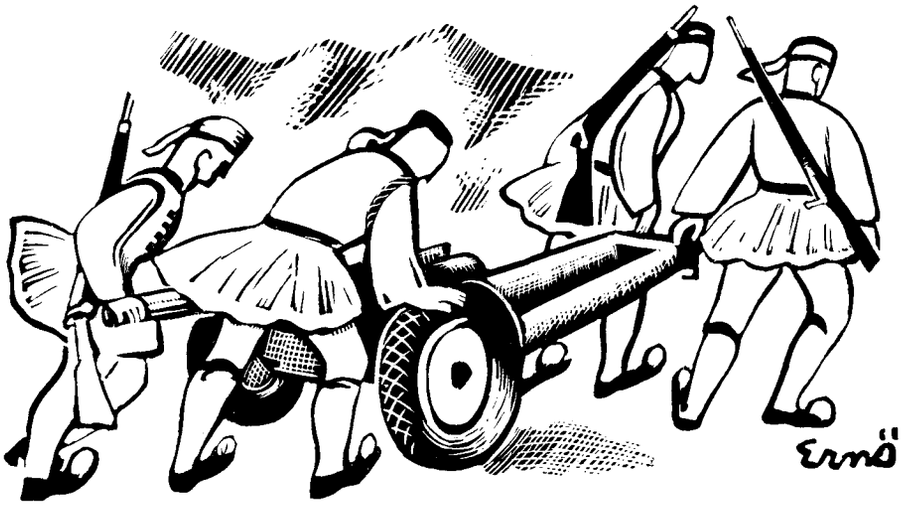

Straddling the Hellenic Fence

THE GREEK DILEMMA. By William Hardy McNeill. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1947. 285 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE WELLER

IN the past four years the British government has made three attempts to break the left in Greece by disarming it. All three have failed, and the British have given up. A fourth attempt is under way today, making a bungling progress under a Greek rightist army with British advice and training. The fifth effort, American, sparked with a $300,000,000 down payment, is ready to roll. The British aim of de-militarizing the left is changing rapidly into an apparent American aim of extermination.

This book is an apologia for the three British failures, which were heavily subsidized by the United States. It traces our course from Churchill through Bevin to Truman. The compass's needle fluctuates ever more wildly, but its setting remains unchanged.

The author, a college instructor, for twenty months assistant military attaché in the American Embassy, gives a disciplined, intelligent account of Greek vicissitudes. His slant is to the right, but he carries so much leftist ballast that his keel is more balanced than most leftists. A scrupulous intention to be fair is always evident in his tone and usually in his facts.

Because Greece is essentially a tragedy of distorted motives, it is necessary that the purpose of one trying to tell her history be as distilled as possible. We Americans have still a little time to be objective, though we have wasted most of our margin of detachment as we have wasted the $480,000,000 in public moneys we have already poured into Greece. McNeill's account sounds honest in purpose, scientific in motive, but one can almost smell the Embassy's woodwork. Sympathy and understanding go in all directions, but at the same time you realize that any decisive action will be fifteen degrees right of center. Characteristic suggestions are that America allow more Greeks to emigrate and "lend" Greece more money.

The first time the British tried to disarm the Greek partisans was at the Italian surrender. ELAS, the army of the leftist coalition EAM, seized the arms surrendered by the Italians. The British Mission ordered the guerillas to give up the weapons, a curious demand in a Nazi-occupied country (which McNeill, however, does not criticize or explain). This mid-war disarmament awakened ELAS's suspicions and they kept the guns. The second cleanup was in the 1944 Cairo mutiny led by Republicans and Communists, where the British disarmed Greek soldiers who refused allegiance to George II. The British got the arms, but lost the use of the troops, whom they put in concentration camps. The third time was in the civil war of December 1944, when the British defeated ELAS in battle after the latter refused Scobie's order to disarm. The British set quotas of arms for surrender and saw them over-fulfilled by ELAS — but still failed wholly to disarm Greece's left.

France, Belgium, Holland, and Norway all have found ways of disarming and absorbing their left, even when Communist-dominated, into loyal though strained national governments. McNeill's book tells the other way, Churchill's way, and where it has taken Britain, and ourselves.

With remarkable tolerance, considering his pervasive suspicion of the Communists, this Cornell teacher describes partisan politics under the Nazi occupation. He mentions Communist atrocities but does not magnify them. He extends equal courtesy to the Greek quislings. The story of the Lebanon and Cairo conferences that shaped the character of the Papandreou provisional government is here. McNeill weighs carefully when he knows, and when he does not, he takes the scholar's step of humility and gives up. His personal opinions are plainly labeled such. "I believe that the EAM government would have evolved rapidly into an undisguised Communist dictatorship," he says, agreeing thereby with Churchill. Other observers think that Greece, beyond reach of the Soviet army, would have taken the democratic road of France and the Low Countries, thereby giving the Allies the model of a progressive Greece with which to challenge the Soviet semi-dictatorships elsewhere in the Balkans.

One deficiency is that the book does not explain the Teheran talks, nor Roosevelt's consent to a division of the Balkans, between Russia and Britain. Lacking the Teheran frame around the Balkans, events in Greece make little sense. Include Teheran, and Churchill's fear that he would lose Greece to the Soviets as Yugoslavia and Albania had been lost becomes understandable. Without Teheran, moreover, the very grave American responsibility for what has happened in the Balkans falls too unjustly on the British, who as a people—not as a government—have contributed more honest insight and understanding to Greece than the United States has given, though more blunders and less money.

In his cool fence-walking McNeill splits his breeches only once, but that is at an unfortunately important point. The events of Sunday, December 3, 1944, when the Athenian police set off the civil war by firing on an unarmed EAM parade, will always have great historical importance in a who-hit-first sense. For this frightful fusillade McNeill advances the oddly unmilitary theory that perhaps only one policeman was armed with live ammunition, the others with blanks. He says that the point-blank fire against the column with its many women and children resulted in only "twelve to fifteen bodies" of whom "at least seven were killed." This low figure, unredeemed by any later revision, puts our military observer short even of Churchill's effort to sell the House of Commons the idea that only eleven were killed and sixty wounded.

Without intruding my private esti-

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mate, let me mention that the AP's British correspondent gave twenty-one killed, 140 wounded; the *Manchester Guardian* counted twenty-three bodies at the funeral; British press officer Lt. Col. W. Byford Jones in his "Greek Trilogy" describes seeing twenty-two coffins with some bodies visible; and Richard Capell of the anti-EAM *Daily Telegraph*, in his "Simiomata," quotes the Athenian police chief as confirming thirty-two dead and forty wounded. "A single carabine could easily have done all the execution of that morning," McNeill suggests. If a Greek police carabine can shoot like that, we had better look into the possibility, under the Truman doctrine, of reverse lend lease.

George Weller, former New York Times correspondent in Greece, won a 1943 Pulitzer Prize for journalism.

Our Segregation-Ridden Land

THE HIGH COST OF PREJUDICE. By Bucklin Moon. New York: Julian Messner, Inc. 1947. XVI + 168 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by MILTON R. KONVITZ

IN 1936 the church-going people of the United States had an investment of $3,412,000,000 in church edifices. It costs the Catholics in this country more than $200,000,000 a year to keep in operation their parochial grade and high schools. The cost of religious denominationalism is high. In some cases the doctrinal differences between two denominations are small, yet only rarely do the members of the churches decide to avoid the expense of duplication of edifices, ministers, and schools, and organize a united church. Even among the churches that are not sufficiently Christian to qualify for membership in the Federal Council of Churches, one does not often find a movement toward a merger in order to save "the high cost" of non-existent theological differences.

It may be that Marx was right in saying that our churches, educational systems, our social and other relations are all part of the "superstructure," and that the foundations of this superstructure are to be found, "in the last analysis," in the productive relations of society. The fact remains, however, that people may be observed to climb the stairs of this superstructure without paying much attention to the high cost of the climb, in terms of dollars and cents. Apparently the man who orders the building of churches or schools, the publishing of books of philosophy or poetry, is only in part "economic" man: he is willing to pay a high price for what he wants —for husband or wife, for the woman he loves, for babies, for churches, for books, for schools, for national independence, for Hollywood stars, for liquor and tobacco, for political and social institutions which will conform to his ideals—or prejudices.

In the United States, as Bucklin Moon demonstrates, people are paying "the high cost of prejudice." Segregation means, among other things, duplication of services — separate schools for Negro pupils, separate churches for Negro Christians, separate theatres, separate tables in Pullman dining cars. Segregation also means a separate area for Negro slums. There are separate cells for Negro prisoners, separate voting booths, separate telephone booths, separate hospitals, separate colleges, separate insane asylums, separate libraries. Surely after all these years the people who insist on segregation of the races are aware of the fact that duplication of services (even where the Negro facilities are far from equal to those offered to white persons) costs good money. They know well enough that the "separate but equal facilities" rule is expensive—that is why many of them try to save money by cheating the Negro citizen whenever they can (in recent years many cases had to be brought by the NAACP to compel school boards to pay teachers in Negro schools according to the same salary schedule as that in effect for white schools). It is doubtful, however, if Mr. Moon's argument will impress the segregationists: they are willing to pay the high cost of prejudice, just as they are willing to pay for their churches and church schools, for their political machines, for the education of their sons and daughters, and for many other things the cost of which they could save—if only they did not want them badly enough.

Bucklin Moon shows that segregation practices alone annually cost us a pretty penny.

And in a sense they are right. What do we think of a man who professes to have certain ideals or prejudices or beliefs but is not willing to pay for them? Tell a Catholic or a Jew that it is cheaper to be a Protestant, and the answer you will get will be worthy of your folly. Freedom from prejudice may be as costly as prejudice; but what man will choose his side only after comparing the costs?

A naïve or radical economic determinist may take the position that the high cost of anything, prejudice or what-not, ought to make that thing undesirable; but human psychology is much too complex to permit the acceptance of this easy position. The economic factor is not, by any means, to be disregarded; but there are moral issues in race prejudice that are of more urgent significance than the question of its cost to those who practise it. If cost alone mattered, we would have no wars, no atomic bombs, no ghettos, no anti-Negro prejudice, no anti-Semitism, no prisons, no concentration camps; and no universities or colleges, no museums, no music, no philosophy, no religion, no babies, no poetry, no love. Good things as well as bad things cost money. The question is not only "how much?" but also "is it worth it?" And the question of worth is chiefly a moral, not an economic, question.

Milton R. Konvitz, Cornell professor, is author of "The Alien and the Asiatic in American Law" and "The Constitution and Civil Rights."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 208

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 208 will be found in the next issue.

GAPLO ARP BCCGP LDE BFXP

ARP BFHOPAG FD LONG.

SCRD KLQ—PDBOFGR

TKCXPKHG

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 207

For thy sake, tobacco, I would do anything but die.
CHARLES LAMB.

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Martin Flavin's Innocent Voyage

THE ENCHANTED. By Martin Flavin. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. 289 pp. $3.

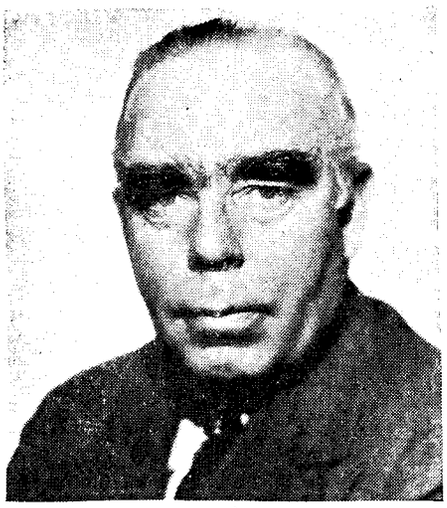
Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

IT IS, I suppose, an ill High Wind in Jamaica that blows nobody any good, but in this instance it would appear that a following breeze from Richard Hughes's marvelous, maverick book had blown Martin Flavin's new novel clean off its course.

The satirical device of placing small children in situations marked by adult disorder and violence is not a new one, but, unless sentimentalized to the point of reverse ancestor-worship, it can be amusing and effective and as far as I know no one holds patent on it. Mr. Flavin, an admired and occasionally admirable writer whose "Journey in the Dark" was awarded a Pulitzer Prize three years ago, has an early foot, as we bookies say, and the first eighty-seven pages of "The Enchanted" exhibit wit, tenderness, and a nice irony. They show what Martin Flavin can do when he is really trying, when he keeps his foot near the brake and stays on the highway. From page eighty-eight on I stayed with him out of sheer morbid curiosity, holding a wake, as it were, over the corpse of a good idea. Since this review is in the nature of an autopsy, I would say that "The Enchanted" died of a series of complications, and I mean plot-complications, which I would diagnose as acute melodrama, creeping romanticism, and pernicious symbolism.

Because in all fairness some eulogy is due, I want to say that those eighty-seven pages hold pleasant promise and a present, genuine enjoyment for almost any reader who isn't a pedophobe. On a farm in Normandy are seven Spanish children, four boys and three girls, in the grudging care of a doltish peasant woman whose husband was fighting the battle of the Maginot line. Mme. Bigard has taken them from one of the tragic internment camps which were France's gesture of hospitality to the Loyalist refugees. Too young and too frail to work as the opportunistic Mme. Bigard had expected them to, they huddle together in their granary-dormitory like small, apprehensive animals, at once innocent and bitterly wise. The Caudillo's bombers had sung their lullabies and their brief lives had been strewn with guns, uniforms, hunger, fear, and flight. One of the little boys had given France an arm as a trophy, another had a twisted back, and only the two older children, Gil and Rosa, could remember the Spanish sunlight. Most fortunate of them was a tiny girl called simply The Little One, whose security lay in the fact that she had never known any security beyond her present circumstance. When Mme. Bigard's soldier husband returns to the farm, fleeing in frothing panic from the Nazi invasion, the children are given to a bumbling priest to be put in a convent in Le Havre, some thirty kilometers away. This scene, with the priest and the weary moppets entering the bombed, chaotic city, is very good, as Mr. Flavin contrasts the terror of the populace with the calm acceptance of the children, who find themselves in the familiar environment of death and devastation. Finding the convent obliterated, Père Joseph stows the children aboard a ship in the harbor as the bombers come over again, and is killed, atoning for all the years of his ineffectual life by a moment of simple courage and dignity.

When *Le Bellépheron* is torpedoed a few days out of port I was still reading "The Enchanted" with considerable pleasure and respect, but right there, when the six surviving children are picked up by an edited Chinese junk called *The Flying Virgin*, I began my death-watch. Since I could not bring myself to believe what I was reading from there on I cannot expect you to, so I will only say that the personnel of *The Flying Virgin* consisted, in part, of an international heel named Kerch with an unsavory interest in little girls and a quantity of olive-jars filled with gold and jewels, which he had obtained in a most disreputable way, an Abyssinian ex-slave with a wooden leg and the name of Mohammed, a foc'sle teeming with Albanians, Greeks, and Turks and an assortment of goats, sheep, and chickens. Well, I am telling you, the Abyssinian butchers the international heel in defense of Rosa's virtue, runs amok, and liquidates the crew. Then up comes that high Jamaican wind and blows *The Flying Virgin* into the coral arms of a tropical isle. The Abyssinian is rendered like unto a little child by a blow from a falling spar and, as far as I am concerned, the rest of "The Enchanted" is Swiss Family Flavin, what with the goats and sheep and the chickens all being saved.



Martin Flavin's book dies of "acute melodrama, creeping romanticism, and pernicious symbolism."

I shall not tell you how the book ends, not because it would spoil it for you, but because it doesn't make any sense.

I do not mean to imply for a minute that the author refreshed his memory by re-reading "A High Wind in Jamaica" because I do not believe that he did. What is more, I do not think that he was ever consciously influenced by it. But one cannot avoid, as one reads, noting the parallelisms between this book and Mr. Hughes's and that is an unfortunate thing. *The Flying Virgin* inevitably suggests the ill-fated *Clorinda*, another piratical craft, the death of Kerch in his cabin recalls the death of the Dutch captain at Emily's hands, and The Little One has the uninhibited poise and the simple cruelty of the wonderful Laura. Even the wild Tabby which swam with the Bas-Thornton children in Jamaica would seem to re-appear in the panther cub (which Mr. Flavin calls a "puppy") which swims with Gil in the surf, bearing his spear in its mouth.

These things happen, these parallelisms. I am sure it was for Martin Flavin an Innocent Voyage. But these, plus the fact that few readers are able to spring in one leap from a world of bombed cities and displaced children and the intolerable reality of a U-boat, into the Disneyan fantasy of *The Flying Virgin* and the parable and allegory of Mr. Flavin's tropical Eden without wondering if maybe, after all, there hadn't been a slip-up at the bindery.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 689)

DAVID L. COHN:
THIS IS THE STORY

In jail one can be oneself. It is not surprising that some of the world's best books were written there rather than on the Left Bank in Paris. . . . Men as diverse as Voltaire, Villon, John Bunyan, Marco Polo, wielded a quill behind bars.

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College Triangle, Equilateral

OF THIS DAY'S JOURNEY. By Constance Beresford-Howe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1947. 240 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG CHAIKIN

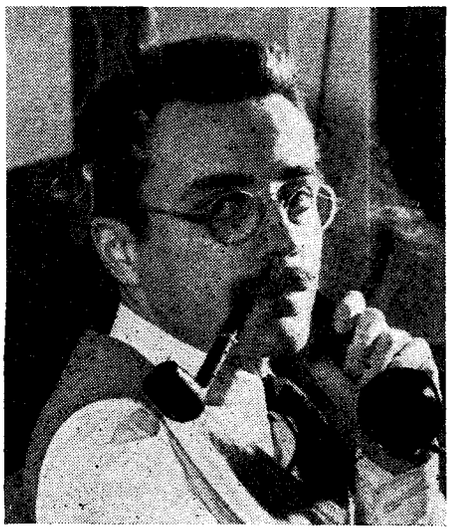
THE judges for the 1945 Intercollegiate Fellowship award should most certainly be encouraged by Miss Beresford-Howe's second novel, for their confidence was apparently not misplaced. While "Of This Day's Journey" is by no means a great or even notable literary achievement, it represents a tremendous improvement over the book which won the award in 1945—"The Unreasoning Heart"—and suggests that the author, if she keeps at it, may soon have some substantial adult work to offer for public consumption.

The story is simple: Cam, a young lecturer at Blake College, falls in love with the college president, an idealistic man named Andrew who is married to a hopeless invalid (I have not been able to discover why the dust jacket calls her a "nagging" wife). The book is the analysis of the difficult problem which arises as a result of their mutual love and Andrew's brief adultery, and is told in three parts—first by Andrew's secretary, the efficient, sharp, but endearing woman with whom Cam shares an apartment; then by Cam herself; finally, winding up the series of flashbacks, by Andrew. It seems to me that this design is rather neatly executed, that Miss Beresford-Howe has pieced her story together in a way which avoids all redundance (the dangers of her method). And in doing so, she has built up a good deal of suspense.

While the simplicity of her story is not a glaring fault, it appears that the simplicity of her treatment is, and the book lacks, in the long run, a good deal of potential substance. She has failed to see all the facets of her problem; her characters are not too sharply underlined, and one portion seems to run into the other without revealing the definitive characteristics of the people behind the telling. Olive, the secretary, is a type—the efficient, ruthless woman who, beneath her hard and ugly exterior carries a "heart-of-gold." Cam is a bit stronger, but not strong enough. It is in the section revealing Andrew — a section freer from clichés than the others— that we get some good characterization and some good writing. If Miss Beresford-Howe's problem, the problem of Cam and Andrew, seems insoluble, it is because she has firmly established no right or wrong. Certainly it is never resolved, and it should have been, *would* have been, had she penetrated more deeply, more maturely into it.

Constance Beresford-Howe justifies the confidence of her first novel's judges.

In view of the neat way, however, in which she has set up her story and, especially, the unmistakable advance which she has made since her first book, there is good reason to expect more from this author and to hope for more.



"'Paul' doesn't bother to make life easy for his readers."

Revelations in Relaxation

FINE TOOTH COMB. By "Paul." New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 275 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by JACK IAMS

IN ONE of those "From Where I Sit" columns, "Paul," as Doubleday's ad writer chooses to call himself, defined a plot as "a way of making life easy for readers and for the author while he's writing his story." In this, his first novel, Paul doesn't bother to make life easy for his readers. There is no plot and precious little story. The jacket describes it as "a young man's search for reality," whatever that may mean.

The hero, for want of a better word, is a 4-F just out of Harvard, and the action, again for want of a better word, deals with his attempts to find a job, the drinks he drinks, the girls he acquires, and the things he and his friends say to each other about sex, religion, politics, and art. Especially sex. At one point, a character tells him, "Words, words, you talk too much." Most readers will wholeheartedly agree. The flood of words is unending and unorganized, drowning such points of interest as do turn up, apparently by the laws of chance.

There is a coy bit about the author on the back of the jacket, in which he admits the novel is autobiographical, a revelation he is likely to regret. The urge to tell all in a first novel is understandable enough and so is some preoccupation with sex. But Paul's brand of sex sounds as if he's just finished reading "What Every Young Man Should Know." It is one thing to write of sophomoric, fumbling love with frankness and understanding. It is quite another to write about it in a sophomoric, fumbling way. Things like, "With the appearance of Betty's thighs . . . Dan knew he had won."

Besides, the hero is supposed to be well past the sophomoric stage. He certainly isn't though, as witness one of his observations on another favorite dormitory subject: "Organized religion is for the weak in heart and stupid in mind." He says things like that every few minutes.

A good deal of the hero's relaxing is done in a downtown alehouse disguised as McGinty's. One shudders to think how the scenes laid there would affect Mr. Joseph Mitchell, who wrote "McSorley's Wonderful Saloon."

The blurb, which is almost as embarrassing as the book, foresees that twenty years from now "Fine Tooth Comb" will be a classic. The fact is, it's a classic right now. A classic example of the sort of autobiographical novel that a lot of people who later turn out to be good writers have to get out of their systems. Preferably without the public's participation.

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A Wolfe in Mexico

THERE IS A TYRANT IN EVERY COUNTRY. By Gilbert Neiman. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1947. 346 pp. $3.

Reviewed by BETTY KIRK

MEMORIES of Thomas Wolfe are evoked by the appearance of this story of a young man on a quest. Like Wolfe, Mr. Neiman is obsessed with sensations of smell, sound, and sight. Like Wolfe, he is drunken with an uncontrollable spate of words. Similarly, both writers are overly class-conscious and frequently vulgar, but Neiman is more brutal in style and lacks Wolfe's rhythmic flow. Being more direct, he tells his tale, not through a mythical Gant, but straightforwardly as "I."

This "I" is such a colossal egotist that one is tempted to paraphrase the title to, "There Is a Tyrant in Every Author." Narcissistic and messianic, the quest of "I" is to find out what makes the Mexicans tick. His object is to seek revenge upon the whole of Mexico because "I" was once beaten up by a Mexican whom he tried to bully in Chicago. He sets out on this inflated mission but is converted into a partisan by the Mexican people and land. His next inspiration is to "save" Mexico, but his single-handed attempt ends in disaster.

This is the first of the three levels of the book and its brashness reminds one of Oscar Wilde's remark that George Moore's "Confessions" were those of a "*very* Young Man." It is perhaps this callous immaturity that makes the work so irritating.

The second level of the tale is ominous, evil, and excellent, for it tells of the effort of "I" to uncover a shadowy web of international fascism operating below the border. Though the story is dated 1938, a year before the war began, presumably to liquidate fascism, the plot and the threat are fresher than today's newspaper. They reveal the framework of a cult that still flourishes two years after that war was "won," a survival almost totally ignored by our press.

This plot and this threat are best described in the words of one of its leaders who says:

> We call it . . . Sinarquismo. Has a noble ring to it. We'll announce agrarian reforms, give it a religious motive, shroud it in mystery, and all the Indians will flock to our arms. Then we'll arm them. We'll organize so many millions no group will dare to fight us. The international bank will give us its blessing. The Church will bless us too. . . . Wherever Indians are, they become our troops. . . . We've never lost a war yet. . . .

—*Man Ray.*

Like Wolfe, "Gilbert Neiman is drunken with an uncontrollable spate of words."

Another leader forecasts the return to a feudal economy and religion, the establishment of the corporate state.

Because the world is still full of dispossessed "Indians" who see in these mystic promises their only hope for redemption, this "noble" cult is the most dangerous enemy that confronts democracy today. Under different guises it is expanding in Argentina, Spain, France, and Italy and many of us are even making common cause with it behind the false banners of an "anti-Communist" crusade. One wonders when the defenders of democracy will halt in their hysterical opposition to Communism long enough to realize that there is not one enemy, but two. And one only hopes that Mr. Neiman is not a true prophet when he awards victory to the international gang.

The best part of the book is the appreciation of the Mexicans and their land with which the author weaves together the two uneven first levels. Such passages as "These dust-like people, what infinite impatience they have! Their flare-ups are for their own self-excitement, so they can forget for an instant their unchanging status in life," add a brilliant third dimension to the book. On this level it emerges from the many superficial treatments of Mexico and becomes a work that merits praise. Since it is a first novel one hopes that the author, unlike Wolfe, may learn from the mistakes made.

Typical Wodehousean Caprice

FULL MOON. By P. G. Wodehouse. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc. 1947. 276 pp. $2.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

NO ONE can say that Wodehouse has lost his touch. He is still very much at home and at ease among his mad Englishmen, all of them touched by the noonday sun. If he has lost anything it is, unhappily, a world in which to function as pleasantly as was his custom—an atmosphere which might still contain in it, like a preservative fluid, the caperings of his brainless zanies. There was such a world and atmosphere, when Jeeves and Bertie, Psmith and Mulliner, Freddie and the Empress of Blandings, were one with Boston Blackie and Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, all glowing and immortalized in the pages of the old *Satevepost*. All of these seem gone, of another time; the best we can muster for them now is an aged smile. No one is as aware of this as P. G. himself, who remarked only recently to an interviewer: "You may say that I am engaged in the writing of historical novels." A brave phrase that, for a brave attempt to resurrect a happier mood.

As for the story itself, it would be madness to attempt to trace it here. Who can retrace the windings of a Wodehousian caprice? Certainly it is not of this world, nor ever was of any. Suffice it to suggest that somewhere along the way one Bill Lister is in pursuit of the heart and hand of Veronica Wedge, an inhabitant of Blandings Castle; that he is banished, and reappears disguised as the Blandings gardener, thoroughly invisible behind an Assyrian beard; that much of the romantic agony is resolved by the magnificent device of introducing a pig into the lady's room (said pig being the Empress herself); and that Freddie Threepwood appears as a captain of industry, landing a huge order for Tipton's Dog-Biscuit against tremendous odds. The whole thing jumbles, topples, and balances off beautifully, like the colored glass in a kaleidoscope. You just keep turning. Alas, if we could but laugh along with him in his eternal innocence of heart. It was a good jest, and may seem so again another day. There is a ratio for the appreciation of historical novels. We can thrill now to the Civil War; in a similar interval we shall chuckle again with the addled Albions of the 1910's.

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Words Over-Worn

A MODEST cleric named Henry Norman Hudson was probably responsible for the growth of the Shakespeare cult in this country in greater degree than any other American who ever lived. A native of Vermont, Hudson was graduated from Middlebury College in 1840. Thereafter for four years he taught school and spread the gospel of Shakespeare in Kentucky and Alabama. Back in the North, in 1848 he published his collected "Lectures on Shakespeare." Between 1851 and 1856 he worked on an edition of the plays which appeared in eleven volumes. Somehow he found time to become ordained as an Episcopal minister, to preach, to marry, to edit the *Churchman*, and, later, to serve as a Civil War chaplain, in which capacity he saw action in a brisk verbal skirmish with General Ben Butler. By 1865 he was back home with Shakespeare, writing, editing, lecturing. In 1872 appeared, in two volumes, his "Shakespeare: His Life, Art, and Characters." He capped his career with the twenty-volume Harvard Edition of his guiding star in 1880 and 1881. He died, full of quotations, in 1886.

A minor by-product of Hudson's indefatigability was his "Plays of Shakespeare Selected and Prepared for Use in Schools, Clubs, Classes, and Families," published at Boston in 1870. The copious notes with which Hudson bulwarked this text are always interesting, and frequently a delight. He was opinionated, forthright, sometimes wrong, but never dull.

For instance: In Act III, Scene I, of "Twelfth Night," the Clown informs Viola: "I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn." Hudson's note on this passage reads: "*Element* was constantly in the mouths of those who affected fine talking in the poet's time. The intellectual exquisites thus run it into cant. Perhaps the word was as much overworked as *idea* and *intuition* are in our time."

This note is an invaluable scrap of social illumination. For while zeal, intelligence, and application can usually dig up the history of a word, and set down its biography as exactly as the life story of a man or a woman, it is a far more difficult matter to determine when and if a word enjoyed a particular vogue—when, if, possibly how, it became over-worn.

The explanation is simple. Words wear out most quickly in speech, not in print. A search of all the books, magazines, and newspapers published in, say, the period 1865-70 (anybody care to take it on?) might prove that "intuition" appeared in print 3.7 times more frequently in that quinquennium than it did in 1860-65, and 2.4 times more frequently than it did in 1870-75 (for the vogue would not entirely have spent itself). That, one would suppose, would provide incontrovertible proof that "intuition" did enjoy a special vogue from 1865 to 1870. But what a magnificent statistical tapestry could be woven if we could determine the universal acceptance of a word into common speech —if we could eavesdrop at 1870 dinner tables, along campus walks, in prayer meetings, omnibuses, saloons! Radio may one day sweep out into the ether and bring back to us the Gettysburg Address and the Sermon on the Mount—would it not be profitable, in the process, to linger on street corners and hotel lobbies and discover how words were wearing—and what words?

Instances are, of course, within the memory of each of us. The tang and color of slang make examples of its vogue particularly retainable. Who that can recall the early years of this century can ever forget the grip of "twenty-three"? A school teacher could not mention page 23, or assign Problem 23, without her pupils bursting into a roar of laughter in which she herself wholeheartedly joined. One heard it daily, day after day, and many, many times a day. Yet one may doubt if it survives in a permanent work of literature of the period, even a work that sought to reflect the flavor and utterance of the time.

All of us, too, can recall the vogue imparted to a word, leading to its speedy over-wornness, by men in high places. Theodore Roosevelt gave us "Byzantine Logothete," "molly-coddle," and, after Bunyan, "muck-rake." Woodrow Wilson gave us "skullduggery," Harding "normalcy," just as Grover Cleveland had earlier given us "innocuous desuetude"—"I used those words," he told a New York reporter three months later, when they apparently were still on everybody's tongue, "and thought they would please the Western taxpayers, who are fond of such things."

But there must be an uncountable total of words which, without benefit of the sponsorship of the great, have enjoyed a vogue of obscure or uncertain origin, which have not been immortalized as vogue-words in print, and whose one-time universality can probably never be determined. Some of them, doubtless, actually did wear out, to the extent that they eventually became as universally avoided as they had once been embraced. They are out of our element; we have no idea where they have gone, and intuition is of no help to us. We learn about them only when a Shakespeare comes along. Or a Henry Norman Hudson.

J. T. W.

Chronos

By Clayton Hamilton*

TODAY is never real. Ere we say,
"It is," it has already ceased to be,—
A drop returned to that remorseless sea
That sucks the present into yesterday.
The future is a meaningless delay
In the exposure of false prophecy.
Nothing is steadfast but antiquity.—
How can we dare tomorrow, bear today?

The present is a comma,—that is all.
The future is a question-mark. The past
Alone states any meaning that may last
To teach us to distinguish great from small.
Time has betrayed us: let us therefore flee
From timeliness back to eternity.

* *Died September 17, 1946.*

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Minorities in USSR

SIR: In his review of "USSR: A Concise Handbook" [*SRL* May 17] Mr. D. Fedotoff White displays hasty judgment and poor scholarship in the proof he cites for asserting that my "piece on minorities suffers from excess of zeal." Mr. White's sole support for this excess of criticism is his claim that I mentioned the failure of the Soviet nationalities policy in relation to the German minority, but not in relation to the four other national divisions abolished during the recent war. However, on page 7 of the book, Mr. White will see a footnote, appended to my Table of Soviet Nationalities, that specifically calls attention to the dissolution of three autonomous republics in question. The Karachai Autonomous Region, also dissolved, I simply omitted from the table.

I was not able to make the necessary changes and additions in the text itself due to editorial reasons arising from the desire of the Cornell University Press to reprint the original articles from the "Encyclopedia Americana" as quickly as possible and without revision. Actually, the news about the four national divisions under discussion came through just as my contribution to the encyclopedia was going to press, and there was only time to insert a footnote.

CORLISS LAMONT.

New York, N. Y.

Gente *vs.* Signori

SIR: In his review of Carlo Levi's "Christ Stopped at Eboli" [*SRL* April 19], Mr. Lawrence Grant White implies a familiarity with the Italian language which his observations hardly confirm. Mr. White states that "Levi writes with sympathy and insight about the local 'gentry,' a word repeatedly used which is probably an unfortunate translation of the Italian word *'gente.'* Before making this assertion, Mr. White would have been well advised to have compared the original Italian with the English translation. He would then have found that, inevitably, "gentry" is the precise English rendering of the Italian "signori," and that when the word "gente" is used by the author, it is of course properly translated as "people."

ELEANOR PELTIMER BLOW.

New York, N. Y.

Upton Sinclair's Standing

SIR: May I be permitted to raise a question of fact with Mr. Henry Morton Robinson, who reviews "Presidential Mission" in your issue of May 17? Mr. Robinson states: "Upton Sinclair has little standing among contemporary writers, and practically no reputation with critics." Is George Bernard Shaw a contemporary writer? Are H. G. Wells and Thomas Mann such? These men have enthusiastically praised the Lanny Budd books, and have been publicly quoted on the subject. Among American writers who have done the same are Gertrude Atherton, Lewis Browne, Louis Bromfield, Pearl S. Buck, Theodore Dreiser, Albert Einstein, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Frederick L. Schuman, Irving Stone, and W. E. Woodward. Many other names could be cited. As to the critics, a circular I have before me quotes *The New York Times* review three times, including the phrase "something of a miracle"; the *Herald Tribune* three times, "the phenomenon of our times"; the *Post* twice, and the following each once: *World-Telegram, Time, Newsweek, The New Yorker,* the London *Times* and the *Manchester Guardian.* The London *Times* says: "How full, varied and decisive a job he makes of it!" In the *Manchester Guardian* the novelist Harold Brighouse concludes with the words "criticism kneels."

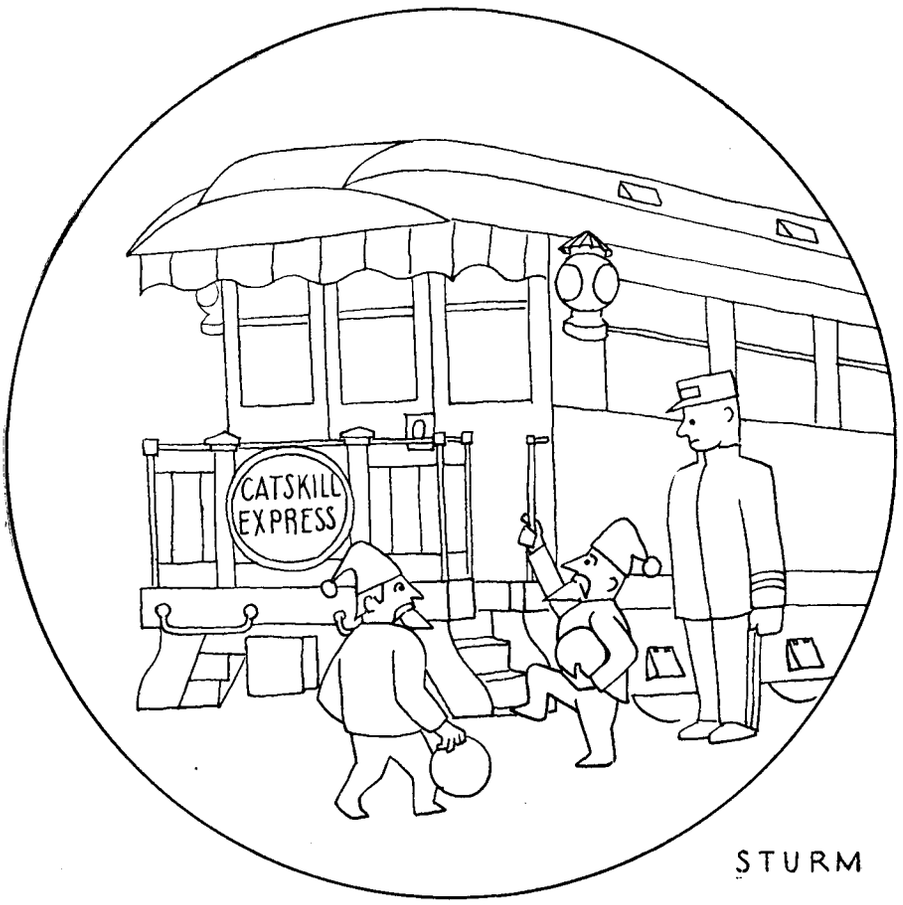
UPTON SINCLAIR.

Monrovia, Calif.

SIR: The review by Henry Morton Robinson of Upton Sinclair's new Lanny Budd novel, "Presidential Mission" [*SRL* May 17], seemed to me to fall distinctly short of the responsibilities of criticism. Mr. Robinson implies with more than a touch of that "note of envy" that he cautions reviewers against, that Mr. Sinclair's eye is on the "something much more solid and profitable to fall back on" —namely, mass sales. Doubtless, this slant—or shall we say, cast—in the reviewer's eye, has prevented him from taking the trouble to investigate the dominant trend in Upton Sinclair's lifetime of writing. As I see it, the relation of literature to life, for Mr. Sinclair, has been as means to end, in his case, the moving of the world nearer to his dream of a scientific, socialistic Utopia. Lanny Budd is merely a convenience by which Sinclair can present the author's vision of modern history and the problems of the modern world in a form that will reach large numbers of people . . . and thus, perhaps, have some effect. In short, Sinclair is not an E. Phillips Oppenheim grinding out fascinating adventures for "what's in it" but a fictional pamphleteer of extraordinary devotion to a vocation. Whether such an approach makes him an effective literary artist is another matter: the critic's duty is first to understand the writer's intention. Failing this, he cannot evaluate the product intelligently.

MAURICE PEIZER.

New York, N. Y.



Woodberry Material Wanted

SIR: For some time I have been working on a biography of Professor George Edward Woodberry, the biographer, critic, essayist, and poet, who lived from 1855 to 1930. You have published essays about him in the past.

I am looking for Woodberry correspondence and would also like to hear from any people who may have known Woodberry at any time.

JOSEPH DOYLE.

Mountainville, Orange Co., N. Y.

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Seeing Things

UTOPIA OF GALLANTRY

WE ARE not apt to see a better production of "Love for Love"* than, in most respects, is the one which John Gielgud and his London players have set before us.

They are neither trespassers nor tourists in the glittering realm of English artificial comedy. They are natives. And the best of them are very much at home there. They have elegance and grace. Style, too, though, unlike American actors when they strut and gesture in such comedies, not too much of what they imagine to be the "Restoration style."

They are not forever toying with their snuffboxes, fluttering their fans, flourishing lace-bordered handkerchiefs, or fancying that to talk like the gallants of a vanished day they must mince their way through a pavane.

They romp rowdily when the action relies upon the hurly-burly of farce. And neither dodge nor lick their chops over unblushing lines. They are far too civilized for that. Among all their graces their chief distinction is, however, that they act the many dazzling passages of high comedy at their disposal so that the mind of Congreve speaks through his artifices. They rejoice, and allow us to rejoice, in the fact that what they are playing is more than one of the theatre's bawdy classics. They never forget, or permit us to forget, that it is also literature written by as superlative a stylist as has ever employed prose in the form of dialogue.

Even so, the disconcerting truth is that "Love for Love," when seen nowadays, seems as much of a bore as a delight. The fault most certainly is not the players'. Granting that the production lacks, as a production, the final ease and sparkle which recently made Mr. Gielgud's "The Importance of Being Earnest" a continuous joy, still, at its best, it is excellent.

Mr. Gielgud's Valentine, for example, is a technical triumph; admirably spoken, gracefully postured, unflaggingly thought. He is a man who, in his scenes of feigned madness, is a prose sketch of Hamlet. Then, too, Robert Flemyng's Ben is a joy. Surely, no British tar has ever had more of the blue sea in his eyes, more of its roll in his walk, or been a healthier or more likable extrovert. Malcolm Keen is a good, gruff Sir Sampson, Jessie Evans a perky Miss Prue, and Pamela Brown, though not nearly so beguiling or glittering as she was as Gwendolyn in "Earnest," is possessed of undeniable style.

How then could a comedy, at its best so brilliant and in many respects so admirably acted, combine dulness with delight?

Everyone knows that, while "The Way of the World" was Congreve's most glorious addition to literature, "Love for Love" was his most successful contribution to the stage. Even when first produced, the one triumphed behind the footlights where the other failed. Since the reader and the theatregoer are quite different people, pleased in quite different ways, the reasons are easy to supply. Yet the fact that the greater, the more intellectual, the less plotful comedy failed, where the other, the more active, the less contemplative and more farcical comedy succeeded, makes its wry, if inevitable, comment on the theatre as an intellectual medium.

This is not to deny the excellences of "Love for Love." It may never have won the final critical admiration its successor enjoys, but the greatest critics who have concerned themselves with English comedy, from Coleridge, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, and Lamb, through George Meredith, and right down to John Palmer and Bonamy Dobrée, have had to pay proper tribute to this ebullient play. Even Macaulay, no friend of the Restoration dramatists, was compelled to admire "the gorgeous blaze which dazzles us almost to blindness in 'Love for Love' and 'The Way of the World'."

The Congreve touch is unmistakably and delectably upon "Love for Love." And what a touch that is! Congreve's style, wrote Hazlitt, "is the highest model of comic dialogue. Every sentence is replete with sense and satire, conveyed in the most polished and pointed terms. Every page presents a shower of brilliant conceits, is a tissue of epigrams in prose, is a new triumph of wit. . . . Sheridan will not bear comparison with him in the regular antithetical construction of his sentences, and in the mechanical artifices of his style, though so much later."

—*Vandamm.*

"Robert Flemyng's Ben is a joy. Surely no British tar has ever . . . been a healthier or more likable extrovert."

Two samples of that style are enough at once to proclaim its perfection and to bury the cliché which has long insisted that Congreve wrote only heartless comedy about heartless men and women.

"You're a woman," says Valentine in "Love for Love," "one to whom Heaven gave beauty, when it grafted roses on a briar. You are the reflection of heaven in a pond, and he that leaps at you is sunk. You are all white, a sheet of lovely spotless paper, when you first are born; but you are to be scrawled and blotted by every goose's quill. I know you; for I loved a woman, and loved her so long, that I found out a strange thing; I found out what a woman was good for." Valentine's unexpected discovery was that a woman's use was "to keep a secret; for though she should tell, yet she is not to be believed."

THE other illustration, among the countless that could be offered of the perfection of Congreve's phrasing, is a speech spoken by Angelica. She is, of course, the heroine of "Love for Love," and her pursuit by Valentine provides the comedy with its major interest. "Would any-thing but a madman complain of uncertainty?" asked she. "Uncertainty and expectation are the joys of life. Security is an insipid thing, and the overtaking and possessing of a wish, discovers the folly of the chase. Never let us know one another better; for the pleasure

LOVE FOR LOVE, a comedy by William Congreve. Directed by John Gielgud. Costumes by Jeannetta Cochrane. Setting by Rex Whistler. Presented by the Theatre Guild and John C. Wilson in association with H. M. Tennent, Ltd. With a cast including John Gielgud, Richard Wordsworth, George Hayes, Cyril Ritchard, Adrianne Allen, John Kidd, Pamela Brown, Malcolm Keen, Marian Spencer, Jessie Evans, Robert Flemyng, Sebastian Cabot, etc. At the Royale.

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of a masquerade is done, when we come to show our faces."

Ironically enough, the source of literary pleasure in such dialogue is to a certain extent its danger dramatically. The very subtleties and balances which make for superb reading demand of moderns a listening that is almost too attentive. The language itself has changed with the centuries so that at moments a translator is needed. Time, too, has contaminated our ears. They have grown lazy on the lazy stuff to which they are hourly exposed. Moreover, playgoers are no longer members of a coterie. They are infinitely more numerous. They are the general public, and, as such, radio listeners and readers of quite different fare from that upon which audiences fed in Congreve's day.

IN "Love for Love" Congreve, to be sure, does not hold his writings to this highest altitude. The Miss Prue-Tattle love-making episode is farce at its easiest and most irresistible, even as are the scenes in which Valentine feigns madness. No one needs to have had a diploma from any other institution except Minsky's to enjoy the nautical terms employed by Ben to describe the "well-rigged" Mrs. Frail's desirability as a woman.

It is when the comedy becomes "high," in other words Congrevean, that from a modern's standpoint the truest delights offer the truest difficulties. The speech, though witty and composed of words fitted together into a mosaic of entrancing designs, is then bloodless. Part of its elegance is its lack of emphasis. Its idiom, verbally no less than emotionally, is far removed from our times.

Contrast the two passages quoted above from "Love for Love" with such paradoxes from "The Importance of Being Earnest" as, "The amount of women in London who flirt with their own husbands is perfectly scandalous"; "I hear her hair has turned quite gold from grief"; or "I do not approve of anything that tampers with natural ignorance," and the difference in the approach of Congreve and Wilde to wit is instantly made clear.

Wilde's dialogue is as contrary to daily talk as was Congreve's. It was natural only to Wilde. His paradoxes require no effort to be enjoyed. They reach out for the bell, and every time ring it themselves. Although they lift conversation into literature, they do

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not try to turn literature into speech. They are concise, not intricate; direct rather than balanced; and create in us only one expectation—the unexpected. This is their major suspense. The laughter they produce is too immediate for Meredith to have saluted it as "thoughtful." They do not add to sense. They stand sense on its head. Their fun lies in their inversions rather than their involutions.

If Congreve's best passages require at present an effort which makes their brilliance seem dull, "Love for Love" includes its other features which to moderns are downright tedious. Take Foresight, for instance. This "illiterate old fellow, peevish and positive, suspicious and pretending to understand astrology, palmistry, physiognomy, omens, dreams, etc.," may have been funny once. From our point of view, however, he is egregiously doleful. Whatever topical interest he may have once claimed as a caricature has long since vanished. The wonder is not that he is made a cuckold, but that he was ever married and that Congreve bothered to make him a character. I have never seen any actor, however good, battle with this bore without being reminded of Johnson's description of Sheridan's father. "Why, Sir," thundered the good Doctor, "Sherry is dull, naturally dull; but it must have taken him a great deal of pains to become what we now see him. Such an excess of stupidity, Sir, is not in Nature."

Even more tedious in "Love for Love" than old Foresight is the maze of adultery into which the overcomplicated and unfollowable plot leads us. Mind you, I am not speaking as a moralist. One of the last things I would ever want to do is to ventriloquize for the ghost of Jeremy Collier. I subscribe wholeheartedly to Lamb's famous contention that Congreve "spread a privation of moral light . . . over his creations," and that his characters have "got out of Christendom" into the land "of cuckoldry,—the Utopia of gallantry, where pleasure is duty, and the manners perfect freedom."

The drama can no more get along without a bed than can a home which would be a home. Sex is as indispensable on the stage as off. But in both places sex without passion is apt to become dreary. Congreve's characters have inclinations, not desires; habits, not ecstasies. But their intrigues are not intriguing. Instead of outraging us, they merely bore us. They make it clear that, as stage business, adultery needs to be retail, not wholesale, if it is to yield any interest.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Some Americans in France

THE OLIVERS. By Robert Bright. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 311 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by WALTER HAVIGHURST

THERE is an atmosphere of serenity, familiar only in retrospect, about this novel of Americans in France. The Americans are artists, writers, novelty-seekers, and the only shadows that fall across their lives are the shadows of their own confused relationships.

Michael Oliver painted from nothing more profound than the simple delight of the moment, and he found life in a French seaside village filled with fresh scenes ready for his canvas. He had an insecure life but a happy one, while his impulsive wife, Margaret, lived ardently in that little world and his daughter Lisa groped unhappily through the perplexities of her adolescence.

In Mr. Bright's sympathetic novel life for the Olivers quickly becomes tangled, and then, by slower and more painful steps, it works itself free. The tangle begins with the arrival of Agnes Ryder, a celebrity-seeker and a thoroughly predatory American woman. Once she has taken a fancy to Michael Oliver he is on his way to fame. She arranges a showing of his work under the auspices of an influential dealer in Paris, and the poverty and obscurity of the Olivers are at an end. But the complications of their lives are just beginning.

The complications include Agnes Ryder's monopolizing of the wayward Michael, and Margaret's uneasy response to the attentions of a young French lieutenant who was unfailingly unlucky with women and with gambling. Lisa, then, is left to her own adolescent bewilderment. When she runs away from boarding school and contracts pneumonia, the tangle is ready for unraveling.

The story is told with lightness of touch, with a constant relish for the color and brightness of the French seacoast setting, and with occasional deft revelations of human motive and relationship. But the reader may find the minor characters more interesting than the major ones, and that the French seaside village with its untangled people actually seems more real than the tangled lives of the Americans.

Gilded Youth

THE INDIFFERENT CHILDREN. By Andrew Lee. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1947. 424 pp. $3.

Reviewed by MERLE MILLER

MR. LEE, whose prose is similar to but not so good as that of Evelyn Waugh in "Brideshead Revisited," writes about that handful of Americans whose names are included in the "Social Register," who either have money or the memory of money, usually the latter. Beverly, his principal character, is a graduate of a stuffy boarding school and had a reasonably classical and quite useless education at Yale; he spent some time drinking and playing at the University of Virginia college of law but failed to take a degree. At thirty-one, Beverly is a dilettante who earns less than a living as an assistant in a 57th Street art gallery. When the war comes, with the draft looming unpleasantly near, Beverly, as is quite proper with young men in his set, wangles a commission in the Navy and is sent to Panama.

Life is somewhat different in the Canal Zone but not too much so. Beverly tends to seek out people of his own kind and, of course, he has a few days with friends in Miami. When he is transferred to England for the invasion, in which he later takes part, Mr. Lee seems to be saying that Beverly has learned that there is a world above and beyond that of the group which lunches daily at the Colony. But the change doesn't come through. Beverly, a virgin at thirty with mannerisms which the author describes as effeminate, still seems a suspiciously precious, rather tedious, quite silly young man.

That kind of portrait was, of course, exactly what the author intended, but, somehow, Beverly never seems quite real; some of Mr. Lee's minor characters, Sylvia, for example, the quiet, introspective fiancée, and Audrey, a familiar and not especially attractive ambitious woman, are much clearer.

Mr. Lee has attempted to portray a rather unimportant minority in American life, and there are moments of brilliance in what he has done, but, as one of his characters says, ". . . I found I had nothing to say that Mrs. Wharton hadn't said better." I'm inclined to think that is true of Mr. Lee, too.

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History for the Layman

THE MARCH OF FREEDOM. By William Harlan Hale. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. 280 pp. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN LYDENBERG

READING this "layman's history" is like riding a steeplechase on a horse so familiar with the route that, bit in mouth, he gaily dashes over the course in record time. The rider, or reader, knows that he has safely cleared every hurdle; that he has taken all the right turns and avoided the byways; and that, breathless though he is at the finish, he has had an exhilarating experience which he would recommend to his friends—but perhaps not to novices.

Let us be more concrete. "The March of Freedom" is an excellent short history of American life. It is highly readable; its interpretations are as reliable as interpretations can be; and its bias is clearly stated and effectively presented. Mr. Hale, a "senior editor" of *The New Republic* and thus probably not much over thirty, packs the basic facts of American history tightly together, discards the "dull" details that bog down high-school courses, includes colorful illustrative material, and wraps the whole in a political philosophy familiar to readers of Henry Wallace, and not far from the views of such eminent American historians as Parrington or the Beards.

The scheme of the book raises a serious question. Mr. Hale gives us both too much and too little. Although he explains that he has not attempted to include all the conventional data, he has tried to pour into his compact mold most of the significant facts and faces of American history. Take one page at random (almost). Here one finds George M. Pullman, Debs, Altgeld, Cleveland, Attorney General Olney, a Mr. Walker, and J. P. Morgan. On the opposite page appear James J. Hill, Samuel Tilden, H. D. Lloyd, Howells, Brooks Adams, John Hay, Justice Field, McKinley, Bryan, Hanna, and Debs again. Of these sixteen names, nine appear nowhere else or on just one other page. All of them are important and familiar to a student of American history. But the layman might well be bewildered, might feel he was being made to dash too rapidly past landmarks he could barely recognize.

The too little that Mr. Hale has done is a corollary of the too much. His foreword states that he was struck by the parallels "between successive eras of our history," and by the recurring clashes "between those who had faith in the mass of men and those who feared them," implying that these will be the themes of his book. And his title suggests that he wishes to show in American history a drama of man's conquest of freedom. But the book scarcely fulfills those promises. For one thing, the interpretations are sometimes submerged by the facts and at other times appear more as political essays than as inevitable conclusions from the historical narrative. Also, the most obvious and dramatic facts point away from rather than toward the enheartening conclusion one desires.

Freedom, as Mr. Hale uses it, stumbled rather than marched after the Civil War. Had he concentrated on the advocates of freedom, the spokesmen for the many, Mr. Hale might have sharpened his point and brought out more clearly the great tradition of dissent and reform. But by writing a one-volume "history," he made it difficult to develop these particular emphases. Although the layman may not draw all the lessons the author wishes to teach, he will certainly find "The March of Freedom" intensely enjoyable and rewarding.

John Lydenberg, who took his degree in American Civiliation at Harvard, teaches American literature at Hobart College.

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Three Centuries of Royal Rule

THE SPANISH EMPIRE IN AMERICA. By C. H. Haring. New York: Oxford University Press. 1947. viii + 388 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

WHAT Professor Haring has attempted in this volume is a compact survey of the institutional history of the Spanish colonies in America from the discovery to the wars of independence. Fortunately for the student (although the geographical area concerned is vast and diverse and the time span involved is nearly twice that from Jamestown to Bunker Hill), the main outline to be mastered is simpler, and the pattern of historical development less complex than in the case of the English colonies. For its own purposes, the Spanish crown imposed a considerable degree of unity on the institutions of its American empire, and the sluggish tempo of Spanish absolutism retarded the rate of change. Beneath the present political diversity of Spanish America, therefore, lie the residues of a period of more than three centuries of centralized royal government by practically uniform methods. Professor Haring charts the main characteristics of this underlying stratum with clarity and precision.

Most of the book, perforce, summarizes the findings of other researchers. The secondary literature thus drawn upon is extensive, but the survey discloses considerable gaps in our present knowledge; one of the chief uses of Professor Haring's study to more advanced students will be its indications of the many areas in which further digging is desirable. For the beginner it provides a stimulating and reliable introduction to an important field of American history still too little studied in the United States. Yet this is a book primarily for students. It is strictly institutional history, and makes no bid for the attention of the idly curious general reader. Moreover, it raises an almost insoluble problem of organization. How much of the treatment should be topical and descriptive, how much chronological? Professor Haring decides for a series of chapters devoted to the major topics: the Council of the Indies, the vice-royalties, the *audiencias*, the municipal governments, the Church, the Royal Exchequer, with each topic treated more or less chronologically. At the cost of some little repetition, and of a feeling on the reader's part that he is zig-zagging back and forth in space and time and constantly re-sighting the same landmarks, this method does achieve clarity, and has the further merit of enabling most of the chapters to stand alone as fairly intelligible, independent units.

The main motive force back of the whole Spanish colonial system was the determination of the crown to organize the channels of trade, the working of the mines, and the exploitation of the natives in such a way as to insure the largest return to the royal treasury. It is precisely on these fundamental economic aspects of Spanish colonialism that Professor Haring is a leading authority. It is to be regretted that, because of the topical arrangement, he chooses to postpone consideration of them to the very last. This does have the effect of making the final fifty pages the most brilliant and authoritative in the volume, but it also weakens them, because a part of their exposition has been necessarily anticipated, while at the same time it baffles the student unfamiliar with Spanish history by withholding, throughout most of the story, some of the necessary clues.

Minutiae

By Melville Cane

THE precise, single second when the tide turns,
The degree of pain between a twitch and a twinge,
The hairline between the just-too-much and the not-quite-enough,
The exact telegraphy and registry of intuitions,
The refinement of the cloudy general into its luminous particulars;—
Each fresh discovery of sleeping differences,
Each shade and grade and tint,
Each new and sharp nuance,
Each hard-won nicety,
Rejecting the merely-approximate,
The short-of-accurate,
The too-readily-acceptable,—
All these,
(Momentous minutiae!)
So dear to man's concern.

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NEW EDITIONS

IN THE field of translated poetry, attempts are many, triumphs few. Yet great victories have been won against greatest odds; and among these successes we must number Laurence Binyon's version of "The Divine Comedy," which is now the glory of "The Portable Dante" (Viking Press, $2), edited by Paolo Milano. Of course, Mr. Binyon could not give us Dante pure, but he achieved his ambition of making a translation that may "be read with pleasure as an English poem," and he exhibited extraordinary skill in remaining faithful to his original within the confines of its meter. To render concisely in one language what has been concisely phrased in another is often a most difficult feat. Mr. Binyon accomplished it. To a remarkable extent he managed to match Dante's variety and vivacity, even some of his sublimity, while never exceeding the limits of individual tercets.

With this volume The Portable Library scales the heights, and one hopes that those who buy will also read. Mr. Milano is a worthy guide. One may question his statement that "Dante is the favorite 'genius' of our intellectuals," and doubt that the Ugolino episode is "the most popular passage of the 'Commedia'," and still admire the wise simplicity with which he introduces his audience to one of the world's masterpieces. Rightly he stresses its human rather than its didactic or mystical elements. "Our first, our dominating impression of the 'Commedia' is that the poet's journey to the lives beyond is actually a representation of the ways of *this* world." Having provided condensations of Grandgent's useful notes, he refuses to deal in learned lumber. Indeed, he might well have quoted Benvenuto da Imola, who declared: "It is rather great wit than great learning that is needed for the understanding of this book." In our disintegrating age we need more wit than ever to read "the poet of the whole"; but read him we should—as best we can.

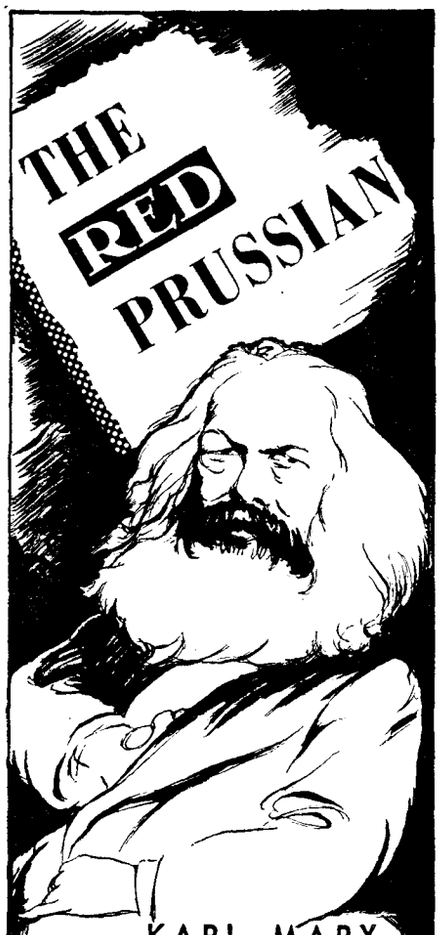
"La Vita Nuova" and brief selections from Dante's minor writings complete a volume about which I should have liked to expatiate.

From "The Divine Comedy" to "Tobacco Road" is as great a journey as from paradise to frozen Cocytus. The reader who makes it touches the extreme frontiers of literature, realizes the vastness of literature's domain. With Jeeter and his family we reach humanity's nadir: below this point, all is sub-human. Erskine Caldwell's story is a farce with tragic accents; its characters lack the stature for true tragedy. Yet it is an artistic entity, and it may well prove a fairly long-lived example of what an artist can do with the least attractive material, when he makes that material really his. "Tobacco Road" is now in The Modern Library ($1.25) and also among the Penguin Books (25¢). And thirty-one of Mr. Caldwell's short stories are available in "The Pocket Book of Erskine Caldwell" (Pocket Books, 25¢).

Knopf has reissued André Gide's "The Counterfeiters" ($3) in the Dorothy Bussy translation first published here twenty years ago. I thought then, and I still think, that this novel is a remarkable experiment which, for all its brilliance, does not quite come off. In it Gide made his narrative technique as tricky as possible, with consequent loss of illusion; the result being unreal, or insubstantial, fiction. However, such experiments, even when they fail, do open up territory and give freedom to writers who come after. And Gide, completely successful or not, is incapable of being dull.

The World Publishing Company gives good value with its neatly made, well-bound, suitably illustrated edition of Boccacio's "The Decameron," in the John Payne translation ($1.). This book enjoys an enduring life on two levels: as lively reading for the young who are looking forward and the old who are looking back, and as a great source-book of European fiction. In this version Rustico employs Italian rather than English when he puts the devil into hell; but this magical operation is so familiar to readers of recent fiction that those who have no Italian will find themselves missing nothing rare. . . . Another attractive addition to The World Publishing Company's Living Library is "A Shropshire Lad" ($1.). Housman's memorable lyrics express many moods, but melancholy is pervasive, and he is most eloquent when he sings of the tears of things. Reading him today, when the world laments its lost innocence (which never existed save in retrospective imagination), we find that his lines evoke a wider scene than Shropshire.

BEN RAY REDMAN.



KARL MARX

is better known as a myth than as a man. It is paradoxical that, although his influence on the world has been as great as that of any figure in modern history, there are few who understand this complex personality who was the prophet of modern Communism and the great exponent of modern revolutionary technique.

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Listening

THE CHILDREN AGAIN

EARLY in May the annual Institute for Education by Radio was held by Ohio State University at Columbus, Ohio.

This affair, originally concerned only with the academic aspects of radio as an educational medium, both in school systems and for adult groups, has, in the past few years, come to focus on radio's general responsibilities toward moral and civic leadership, in addition to its purely informational activities.

The conferences are attended by several hundred radio executives, network representatives, advertising agency men, educators, and journalists. Outside of a series of awards and commendations, the entire affair is unofficial, and representation is merely a matter of personal inclination. The resolutions and proceedings reflect the formal attitudes of neither the broadcasters nor the educators, but only private points of view of the attending individuals.

One of the most vigorous sessions this year took up the subject of children's programs, and included, on its panel, such important radio officials as Edgar Kobak, president of the Mutual network, Louis Cowan, producer of "Quiz Kids," Olga Druce, producer of "The House of Mystery," and Dr. McAndrew, director of radio station WNYE of the New York Board of Education. The session was moderated by Miss Dorothy Gordon, director of youth forums for *The New York Times*. The subject of the discussion, which led both the panel members and the audience off into long, tangential, and recriminatory arguments, was "Is Radio Satisfying the Needs of Children?"

Several eminent child psychologists reported that children's programs, by and large, were harmless. There was no case on record, the audience was assured, where a radio program had specifically stimulated a child listener to an act of violence, mayhem, or general delinquency. This same clean bill of health was given to the industry a week later in New York at a luncheon of the Radio Executives Club. Dr. Harcourt Peppard of the Bureau of Child Guidance of the New York City Board of Education told the group that of 14,000 children examined by his bureau this past year, not one child had a problem which could be laid to radio.

Now, I am as glad as anybody to discover that children's programs are not, as we have all feared, harmful to young listeners. However, as the discussion at Columbus brought out, there is a further problem than that of merely keeping the adventure serials harmless. There is the broader and graver problem of providing a dynamic leadership of the nation's young people by the enterprise that has captured their attention to such a degree that they spend more time before the loud-speakers than at any other occupation except sleeping.

Radio practitioners did not ask for the responsibility of providing guidance and leadership, both civic and moral, for our young people. It befell them as the result of having developed so excellent a method of beguiling the public. The fine music, the excellent writing, all of the things that give them such justifiable pride, have brought on this further responsibility. Consequently, the problem of radio and young listeners, the Columbus disputants agreed, goes far beyond the specific programs which attempt to sell breakfast foods to youngsters. Children listen to adult fare as much and as intently as to child fare. Thus, the broadcasters must realize that the attitudes they support, the viewpoints they foster, and the information they give have a double effect. For adults, they provide a passing stimulus. For the citizens of tomorrow, they provide the bulk of their experimental education. Thus, although radio might be perfectly adequately satisfying the needs of its youthful listeners in their few personal programs, it is not necessarily, as an industry, either aware of or satisfying the general needs of young people in general.

DR. Peppard told his audience of radio executives that the critics of children's radio programs can be divided into two categories: (1) the lunatic fringe, who, having lost the cause of prohibition, and needing something to condemn, have fastened upon children's programs, (2) those who can't be bothered to find out what their children listen to or read, and who arbitrarily forbid certain radio programs merely because of their titles and subject.

There is a third group of critics of whom Dr. Peppard does not seem

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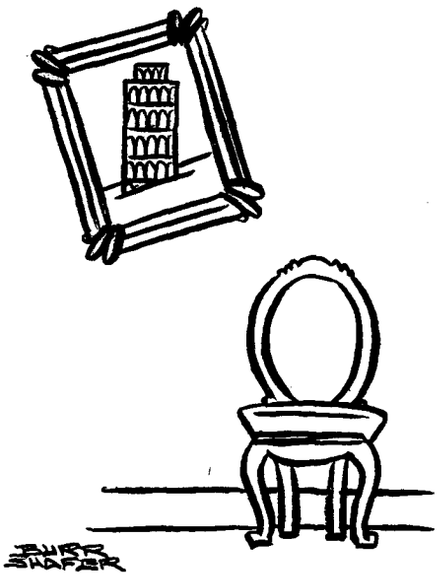
to know. They are those men and women who are aware of the tremendous dangers of false and inaccurate information, unfortunate attitudes, and general lack of democratic inspiration, not only in radio, but in all forms of journalism in the United States today. We have no complaint against this radio program or that. We agree with the medical men that the chance of any child with a normal intelligence being demoralized by an individual program is extremely slender. However, we do deplore radio's lack, and journalism's lack, and the movies' lack of consistent attempts to take more seriously their charge toward building a better world by preparing the proper sort of citizens for it.

And how can it be done? The long debate at Columbus by the best minds in the business brought ideas, but no conclusions. And so I asked Miss Gordon to sum up her ideas on the matter after considering the results of the meeting over which she presided. They are these:

> You asked me an important question: "Can programs for children be instructive as well as entertaining? Would the informational aspects obliterate the commercial interest, or must such programs be put on by the broadcasters as a sustaining public service?"
>
> My answer is that programs for children decidedly can combine the instructive and the entertainment value, and still appeal to a large enough audience to interest the commercial sponsor.
>
> First, we must break down the wall that has sprung up between education and entertainment. Who decides where education begins and entertainment ends? Certainly the children do not. They will listen if they are interested. They will listen to programs that have educational and informative purpose, if those programs meet the qualifications necessary to attract the interest of the child, which is entertainment, excitement, adventure. Entertainment is not necessarily tawdry. Excitation can be engendered by interest in the intangibles of life—art, music, literature, as well as in cheap gun-play. Adventure can also be found in the drama of the world we are living in at the moment. Surely it contains enough red blood to satisfy the heartiest imagination.
>
> The broadcasters have a responsibility to the public but so do the advertisers, and the parents and the educators, and the clubwomen. In their demand for action, pressure groups have failed often to recognize the merits of our system of broadcasting, and have thus made children's programs unprofitable and unpopular with agencies, sponsors, and broadcasters alike.
>
> Because of economic reasons it is impossible for a sustaining program to receive the maximum of artistic production which goes into the sponsored show. Many excellent programs have been taken off the air not for lack of quality and interest, but because of insufficient exploitation to bring them before a large enough audience. Sponsors are wary of children's shows because pressure groups have criticized, but have not cooperated. Too often they attack our system of broadcasting as the root of the evil. The word "commercial" is anathema to them.
>
> We are living in a world of commerce, and children can learn a great deal about trade products and raw materials through a commercial message brought to them by an intelligent advertiser. There is untold drama in the history of consumer goods. Parents, educators, and organized clubwomen must cooperate with the industry and encourage sponsors not only to put on worth-while programs for children, but, instead of exploiting our young people, educate them to become intelligent consumers. Advertisers are defeating their own ends in ignoring the large potential buying power of the present younger generation, and neglecting to pay greater attention to developing the consumer of the future.
>
> Yes, programs for children can be instructive and educational as well as entertaining. There are such programs on the air today. They appeal to the interest of the child and have attracted the good will of the sponsor. Unfortunately, there are not enough of them.
>
> But, broadcasters and advertisers alike must recognize to a greater degree their responsibility towards the future welfare of our democracy. America must not fail to realize that its youth represents the pillars of our future society. Radio was a dynamic aid in guiding the thinking of the children of Germany, Japan, and Russia. Radio in America must exercise its power to bring to our children the knowledge of what America stands for, its backgrounds, its conflicts, and, above all, its future aims. We may well borrow a leaf from Stalin's book, and concentrate upon our children. But we must train the future stewards of democracy. And, only in a democracy can the freedom of radio exist to its fullest extent. ALBERT N. WILLIAMS.



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BOOKS FOR VACATION

IN PLANNING books for the family vacation it is a good idea to keep variety in mind. While good stories are essential one should think, too, of books that provide food to grow on in many subjects. In the summer, when boys and girls are separated from their school and often from their public libraries, their questions must be answered, their special interests satisfied from their own or their neighbor's book shelves. They should be able to find there books about "a number of things," art and music in its simpler forms, folk and epic tales, books about the birds and the animals, books of science and invention and travel. This department plans to have a "travel" number in July.

Here are some suggestions for general and special interests that boys and girls will follow during their vacation. MARY GOULD DAVIS.

BY HIS OWN MIGHT: The Battles of Beowulf. By Dorothy Hosford. Drawings by Laszlo Matulay. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1947. 67 *pp.* $2.

AT A TIME when the manufacturing cost of books is a very serious problem this new rendering of the Anglo-Saxon epic has managed to achieve dignity and atmosphere at a comparatively low cost. The drawings are in keeping with the text, the effect being that of an old manuscript. They reflect the background and the people of Beowulf's day, more than one thousand years ago. Miss Hosford, whose "Sons of the Volsungs" is a popular version of the Volsunga Saga, tells the stirring tale of Beowulf's battle with Grendel in the Great Hall of Hrothgar the Dane, his struggle with Grendel's mother at the bottom of the lake, his long, wise rule as King of the Geats, and his final battle with the dragon, ending with his death.

The original manuscript, written by an unknown Anglo-Saxon poet, is followed closely in prose. In the scene of Beowulf's burial one misses the metrical version. It is a small book, printed in a Scotch linotype with capitals and initials in an especially beautiful type designed by Frederick Goudy. In wording, in illustration, and in design it is the best of the modern versions of this hero story.

ROUGE REYNARD. Based upon the Beast Saga. Written by André Norton and pictured by Laura Bannon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1947. 96 *pp.* $2.50.

THE story of Reynard the Fox has been for nearly a thousand years a delight not only to the people of France but to the people of any country lucky enough to have it in translation. It was first written as a complete story in Latin in the twelfth century. It has been translated, reissued, and reillustrated dozens of times. To this reviewer its most effective illustrator has always been Vimar in the nineteenth-century French edition. In humor, in background, and in skill of characterization his drawings are unique. This new edition is illustrated by Laura Bannon, who made the pictures for James Cloyd Bowman's "Pecos Bill." They are strong black and white drawings, well designed and full of humor. For the text André Norton keeps to the rather formalized, stately wording of the early French editions. The pages are large, the type clear and dignified, and the decorations and initial letters in keeping with the history of the story. Reading the famous trial scene from pages like these, with the expressive drawings to emphasize the good and the bad beasts, one gets a fresh sense of the charm and cleverness of the tale. Wicked as Reynard was, he possessed that quality which endears the sinner to us even as we condemn him. This is an important edition of a story that will never lose its fascination.

BENJAMIN WEST AND HIS CAT GRIMALKIN. By Marguerite Henry and Wesley Dennis. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1947. 147 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS is the story of a Quaker boy who lived in a tavern in Pennsylvania in the eighteenth century, and of his black cat, Grimalkin. That this boy grew up to be one of America's first and greatest artists gives it a deeper value; but it can stand on its own feet as a good story. There are warmth and humor in the tavern scenes with Benjamin's father welcoming the travelers and his mother feeding them with good, hot, well-cooked food. It was not easy to become an artist in those days, especially if you were a Quaker. One of the best scenes in the story is when the Quaker elders come as a committee to Door-Latch Inn to decide whether or not Benjamin is to be allowed to go on with his painting. By this time he has learned to make and mix colors from the Indians. He has learned to use Grimalkin's hairs for a brush, so constantly that that loyal and long-suffering beast looked as though he had the mange. Finally Uncle Phineas from Philadelphia stepped in, gave Benjamin a real paint box with real camel's hair brushes and arranged to have him taken as a pupil at the academy. We leave him starting for Philadelphia in a red sleigh with Grimalkin smuggled under his coat, beginning that long journey that was to end in London and the palace of a king. At least half the value of this delightful story lies in Wesley Dennis's drawings.

MUSIC TIME. By Evelyn Hunt. Illustrated by Eileen Evans. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. 48 *pp.* $2.50.

This is a collection of songs for little children—songs that encourage them to an appreciation of music through the use of interpretative sounds. Simple themes, which are understandable, stimulate the imagination in most children. Miss Hunt has gathered together this group of songs for just such a purpose.

THE GAME OF HARMONY. By Rose Lee Finney. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1947. 167 *pp.* $2.

This is a book that takes the beginner, step by step, through the intricacies of harmony. Numerous musical illustrations aid in developing the logic of musical composition for readers, both old and young.

THE ROAD TO HARMONY. By Nicholas Slonimsky. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1947. 167 *pp.* $2.75.

In his foreword Nicholas Slonimsky says that he "would not talk down to his listeners whether they be children or adults." One must agree that he never does. This is an enlightening book to those of us who seek a painless study of the principal points in musical theory, from the Greeks to Gershwin. There are many factual points and many illustrations. For beginners and for little children Mr.

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Slonimsky should, perhaps, have talked down a bit more.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN. Masters of Mirth and Melody. By Claire Lee Purdy. Illustrated by Eric Godal. New York: Julian Messner. 1947. 266 *pp.* $2.50.

This is a lively and a very interesting story. Miss Purdy brings to life two famous men, tracing their careers through one of the most successful collaborations in music history.

EDVARD GRIEG: Boy of the Northland. By Sybil Deucher. Illustrated by Mary Greenwalt. New York: E. P. Dutton Co. 1947. 165 *pp.* $2.50.

Edvard Grieg's life unfolds here delightfully. It is the story of a happy, carefree lad whose quick perceptions caught the beauty and the joy of the world and made him one of its best loved composers. Simply and clearly Miss Deucher conveys the atmosphere and background that led to his compositions, parts of which are included in her book.

MOZART. Genius of Harmony. By Ann M. Lingg. Illustrated by Helen Frank. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1946. 321 *pp.* $3.

In this biography the author achieves the dual purpose of passing on to young people an extensive knowledge of the compositions of Mozart and a warm understanding of him as a human being.

BEETHOVEN. Master Musician. By Madeleine Gross. Illustrations by Carl Schultheiss. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1946. 364 *pp.* $3.

The life of Ludwig von Beethoven was as tumultuous as his music was great. His youth was unhappy, his early manhood uncertain and often difficult. At the height of his career he became totally deaf. He died, partly as a result of neglect and privation, under circumstances that seem incredible to those of us who know his work today.

This biography, written more than ten years ago, has been revised and added to the Musical Biography Series. It contains an index, a brief bibliography, a comparative chart—"the world that Beethoven lived in"—and a very valuable list of his compositions with their available recordings. It is a book that has great value to teachers of music or of world culture and to all young people who are interested in music. Other great names in musical history are given short but excellent portrayals. The occasional inclusion of a part of a musical score adds to its value.

HOLLY HOTEL. By Elizabeth Kyle. Illustrated by Nora S. Unwin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1947. 297 *pp.* $2.

THIS story, laid in Scotland, is rather exciting. In spite of the extraordinary coincidences that help along the plot, it is entirely believable. It is a mystery story and the mystery hinges on the original manuscript of Mungo Blythe's "Ode to Liberty," lost to collectors for many years in an old family clock that belongs to the postmaster of a Scottish village. Two people are seeking the manuscript: a young American whose mother is a direct descendant of Blythe and a shrewd Glasgow dealer in antiques. Their quest gets all mixed up with the heroine of the story, little Molly Maitland, and her mother who are trying to keep the family home, Holly House. It is a good plot, and the characters are varied and well drawn. There is a convincing background of the Scotch countryside and the Glasgow slums. Nora Unwin's drawings aid greatly.

RIVER TREASURE. By Mebane Holoman Burgwyn. Illustrations by Ralph Ray. New York: Oxford University Press. 1947. 159 *pp.* $2.50.

The locale of this story is the low country in eastern North Carolina. The characters are all from the Negro people who live near the Roanoke River and farm the land. There are no white people in the story, and no hint of the ever-present problems of race prejudice. The hero is Guy Harrison who is adopted by a prosperous farmer and his wife. It is the record of a lonely, neglected boy who finds happiness and opportunity with two fine Americans. The drama is supplied by the treasure belonging to a wealthy plantation family and buried by them during the Civil War, and by a flood that destroys most of the crops on Occoneechee Neck. Guy finds a natural outlet for his passionate gratitude to Mr. Rufus and Miss Delly in his recovery of the buried silver. Something in the atmosphere of the book and in the people reminds this reviewer of Don Lang's "On the Dark of the Moon." Perhaps it is the fact that neither writer has "an ax to grind."

—From "Roguc Reynard."

THE DOUBLE BIRTHDAY PRESENT. By Mabel Leigh Hunt. Illustrations by Elinore Blaisdell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1947. 64 *pp.* $1.50.

This is a very gay and amusing tale. Sophie and Susie are twins in a family of Quakers. Their grandfather made for their birthday a double rocking chair, one seat facing one way and one the other. It worked beautifully when the twins agreed, but not when they disagreed. The situation is sad and funny until grandfather finds a way to adjust it.

A PET FOR BARBIE. Written and illustrated by Emma Brock. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1947. 50 *pp.* $1.50.

Barbie was a vigorous child who nearly drove her parents and her great-aunt Sadie distracted with her noise. A pet, they decided, might help to keep her quiet. A mouse did no good. Neither did a pet rabbit nor a pet goat. It took a lady elephant from a visiting circus to really subdue Barbie. Complications followed. The problem was finally solved with a pet puppy. A small, well designed book, this is an amusing story with many drawings.

THE ZOO BOOK. By Dena Humphreys. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1947. 39 *pp.* $2.

Beautiful photographs of the wild animals usually found in a city zoo, and a short, informing text.

DISCOVERING DESIGN. By Marion Downer. Illustrated with photographs and drawings. New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 1947. 104 *pp.* $3.

This beautiful book shows, through exceptionally good photographs of the designs in nature, through design in pottery and textiles, and through the paintings of famous artists the pattern that runs through everything. What it does is to open our eyes, to show us the lines that create beauty everywhere. The text is not much more than a brief guide. With the picture it leads us on from the simple yet perfect pattern of a single leaf to the subtle plan of the great artist.

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WE'RE BOOKED FOR TRAVEL JUNE 21!

OUR pages are packed and our passages set,
Our pictures are taken, our features are stet;
Horace Sutton is perched at the top of the spar,
We've gandered the galleys and everything's yar.

Ah, Paris! Ah, summer! Ah, Gallic romance!
Our first port of call is some books about France.
We'll learn about costs and conditions and tours
(Additional data as peregrine lures).

Then grab your sombreros, a rose in your mouth,
For two issues hence we salaam to the South.
Those Mexican *libros* we couldn't resist!
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Travel Department

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The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
COUNTERFEIT WIFE *Brett Halliday* (Ziff-Davis: $2.50)	Florida kidnap-killing, other homicides, and counterfeiting plot give unquenchable Michael Shane several busy days.	After mother-naked Shane escapes single-handed from queer-passer's den almost anything can happen—and it does.	198-proof toughie
DIE BY NIGHT *M. S. Marble* (Rinehart: $2.)	Gory slaying in Los Angeles houseful of neo-classical nuts gives irascible Lieut. Shipman and private 'tec asst. tough and tangled job.	Eccentric lady who lives next door to murder mansion supplies high comedy, sleuths are likable, and plot is unusual—if ghastly.	Neat
BEDEVILLED *Libbie Block* (Crime Club: $2.)	Composer's wife not sure whether or not she skewered man-hunting spouse of famous conductor in N. Y. apt. She finds out.	High-tensioned tale of frenzied search for perpetrator of inevitable murder and previous events. Veracious musical background.	Suspense at concert-pitch
A SHROUD FOR ROWENA *Virginia Rath* (Ziff-Davis: $2.50)	Shooting of San Francisco shamus, shadily involved in frustrated female's 1939 disappearance, plunges Mike and Valerie Dundas into current crime wave.	Dundas's detecting good, as usual. Somber secrets of fated Calif. clan satisfactorily shocking. Solution rather appalling—but checks up very neatly.	Good grade
THE SENATOR'S NUDE *Bill Goode* (Ziff-Davis: $2.50)	Identity of unclothed corpse in Washington politico's bed disclosed by bibulous night-editor, who solves two more murders in capital society.	Beneath uproarious, and slightly synthetic, satire on blustering politicians, female publicity grabbers, titled rotters, and such, there lurks rather interesting plot.	Squirrel-bait
THE RESTLESS CORPSE *Ann Pruitt* (Ziff-Davis: $2.50)	Peripatetic cadaver in apt. of newspaper mogul's wandering daughter gives Chicago crime-reporter bad moments—and two more killings to solve.	Reporter, his unpredictable girl friend, reformed thug named Butch, and other gaudy characters whirl through incredible sequence of startling situations.	Passable
DEATH AND THE PLEASANT VOICES *Mary Fitt* (Putnam's: $2.50)	Eurasian heir to English estate possibly slain by parasitic kin or family doctor who dies mysteriously. Lengthy confessions explain all.	Starts well, with storm-bound medical student mistaken for hated heir by jittery household, but then it gets thicker and thicker.	Stuffy
PUZZLE FOR PILGRIMS *Patrick Quentin* (Simon & Schuster $2.50)	Psychotic wife of sensitive young English writer found dead beneath Mexican balcony, thus driving sleuth Peter Quentin and others almost mad.	Colorful Mexican background and high-strung characters more interesting than "mystery"—solution of which, although interesting, is outside canon.	Exotic
THE MURDERED AND THE MISSING *Armstrong Livingson* (Stephen Paul: $2.75)	Metropolitan crimes and their solutions as seen through experiences of police Capt. John B. Stein (retired), former head of Missing Persons Bureau.	Good, factual account of M. P. B. functions, personalities, and case histories; occasionally over-dramatized but brimful of stranger-than-fiction yarns.	Satisfactory
DRAWBACK TO MURDER *Willetta Ann Barber and R. F. Schabelitz* (Scribners: $2.50)	Death invades Manhattan studio apt. house full of painters, sculptors etc. Kit Storm's on-spot sketches aid Det. Shand in cracking case.	Amoral artists, curvaceous models (fetchingly portrayed), fluttery wives, and some prime no-goods keep knowledgeable chronicle moving rapidly to surprising finish.	Enjoyable
DULL THUD *Manning Long* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce $2.50)	Blackmail notes to "Wistful War Wives" in N. Y. brownstone followed by violent death of "super," and deep involvement of Liz Parrott.	Action agreeably gay and grisly—and sometimes slightly hysterical. Ex-Model Liz does plausible amateur sleuthing. Finish is surprising—and debatable.	Good fun

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
KAUDER, SONATA FOR ENGL. HORN & PIANO. Louis Speyer; Erwin Brodky, piano. Night Music 105 (2 10" *plastic*)	A superb recording, high fidelity, on excellent vinyl surfaces. (How come some small companies can do it, others fail miserably?)	AA (*plastic*)	Kauder is a Viennese-Amer. composer, much venerated by small group admirers. His musical "system," bewildering on paper, is simple to monotony in this hearing.
KHACHATURIAN, MASQUERADE SUITE. KABALEVSKY, FETE POPULAIRE. Santa Monica Symph, Rachmilovitch. Asch 800 (3)	Brilliant, close-to studio job, somewhat dead. Highs seem pre-emphasized. Very heavily recorded.	B	Brilliant "pops" music, slight, 99¢⁄₀ derivative. Usual skilful orchestration. Kabalevsky (side 6) much the same, bit more subtle.
DELIUS, VIOLIN CONCERTO (1916). Albert Sammons; Liverpool Philharmonic, Sargent. Columbia M 672 (3) $4.	Imported recording. Beautiful job, though no better than best current domestic work.	A	Long, liquid, dreamful, nostalgic. Delius doesn't register easily with most of us realistic, hard-headed Americans.

HIATUS

TO MANY record owners who would attempt modest improvements in their record-playing equipment there may seem to be a terrifying hiatus between the safe-and-sane home phonograph and those mysterious and high-powered installations that go by the name of high-fidelity equipment. Granted, there is a great difference between the performance of the best professional equipment and the small home machine. Granted, too, that from a high professional viewpoint the home phonograph may seem beneath contempt. But it is too often the professional who opens up the yawning gap for you, when as a matter of fact the gap is not there.

Perhaps in your search for ways and means of improvement you have consulted an expert, one of those people whose living rooms are full of concealed speakers and amplifiers. Alas, a good many experts tend to a mild fanaticism. For "proper" reproduction of records—yours or anybody's—they will admit nothing less than professional equipment. They will recommend nothing else; if you temporize, they become emotional. Your expert will be delighted to help you—his way—and promptly draws up a minimum plan.

Your new speaker, if he has anything to do with it, will cost fifty, better a hundred dollars; its cabinet, acoustically correct and large as an ice box, will run to as much more, unless you are your own fancy carpenter. An amplifier for a couple of hundred, volume expander, booster-attenuator, preamplifiers, filters, all are "minimum." If you suggest a failing budget, your friend's eyes light up—of course, build it yourself; it will only take six months. In fact, for a consideration, he might do the job for you in his spare time . . . but at this point, being normally the timid soul, you hastily pull in your horns! If these are the alternatives, then back you go, unsatisfied, to your old machine—sub-minimum but simple.

Yet look at a few facts. True, the really good speakers, the best, do cost in the hundreds. But the usual replacement radio speaker runs from a mere dollar to ten or fifteen. A top quality amplifier may run to three hundred dollars, but one can be had that will play records, after a fashion, for that many cents. The range of price and quality is enormous.

If you will look in any of dozens of radio mail order catalogues, however, if you will investigate your local radio supply store, you'll find there is no great hiatus. The manufacturers see to that. There is now an abundance of intermediate-grade equipment available that will benefit you, if not your expert friend; you can in truth make as modest a step as you have a mind to. Occasionally, this column will continue to give tips (sorry, no brand comparisons) as to what, and how. You might as well get as much as you can out of your records.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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the Phoenix Nest

LOCUST

A LOCUST loves the earth
Though its droop is not as servile
As the willow's fawning caress;
It is unlike the poplar, too,
That stretches tiptoe to the clouds;
Nor yet concerned with breeze
Like the restless cottonwood.
It lacks the fragility of young elms
And the mystic quiet of tamarack;
But a locust stands well in storm:
Its branches shout back to the wind,
Sure of the tough, scented roots
That finger the dark,
Prodding new ways to the sky.

PEGGY CALDWELL.

* * *

Writes Earle Walbridge:

Are nominations for the frigidaire sweepstakes still open? The chilliest single poem, I think, is Wordsworth's "Goody Blake and Harry Gill," in which the latter is cursed into a lifetime of shivering. The coldest chapter in English fiction: Virginia Woolf's description of the Great Frost, in "Orlando." The coldest American novel, Grace Zaring Stone's "The Cold Journey"; English play, "The Frozen Deep," by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins.

Speaking of Virginia Woolf, let us correct the injustice done Noel Coward by your recent intimation that he played a wolf in "Peter Pan." He had a speaking part, that of Slightly (slightly what, I couldn't say, without reference to the Barrie text), in 1913, in the Pauline Chase production, and the following season, with Madge Titheradge. Admittedly, he layed a mushroom once, and rehearsed as a hyena, but not in "Peter Pan." As Slightly, he wore a fur coat, topper, high laced boots, and carried a cane.

One of those strings of coincidences. Last summer I drove past a sanitarium, and, when I saw the occupants of the sun-parlor looking with their vacant, apathetic faces through the barred windows, a tag of verse floated through my head:

A party in a parlor.
All silent and all damn'd.

It seemed vaguely like T. S. Eliot, and I was surprised (on consulting Bartlett) to find that it came from Wordsworth's "Peter Bell"; from the original edition (1819), but omitted from later editions. So-o-o, I go home and continue rereading Anne Parrish's second novel, "Semi-Attached" (1924), which the Hays Office frowned upon because it dealt with a trial marriage. Miss Parrish headed Chapter VIII with a bit of verse, and it was "A party in a parlor." Enter one of my favorite Parrish characters, Harriet Smiley. "Looking like every one and no one, she went through life goading people to frenzy by saying 'You don't remember me!' and archly refusing to help her victims while they floundered or guessed wrong." So-o-o I go to Vermont for this Easter week end, and finish rereading Angela Thirkell's "Northbridge Rectory" (Knopf, 1942). One of my favorite Thirkell characters, Mrs. Spender, horned in on a party with that identical remark, to which Miss Pemberton replied, "Why not?"; "which simple riposte," comments Mrs. Thirkell, "so winded Mrs. Spender that we are able confidently to recommend it, for a more annoying statement than, 'You don't remember me' hardly exists, putting one as it does in a false position whether one says one does or one doesn't."

The Wordsworths have been with me, late and soon. At the same Hotel Earle bookshop where I bought the "Short Stories" of Saki, I procured the "Journals" of Dorothy Wordsworth, edited by William Knight (Macmillan, 1924). It was the gift of Hugh Walpole to a friend; they had spent March 30, 1928, at Dove Cottage, listening to a broadcast of the Grand National. (Is there any prophetic passage in Wordsworth which would cover *that* use of his cottage?) Walpole inscribed this copy to his friend "in admiration of his good nature and distress at his laziness." And either he or the friend was good enough to insert in the book about a dozen immaculate photographic postcards of the Lake Country.

P.S. That party in a parlor has bobbed up again, in Leslie Ford's "The Road to Folly" (1940), all about some polite murders in Charleston. People didn't behave like that in Owen Wister's Charleston novel "Lady Baltimore," which someone once called a story "of hothouse charm."

P.P.S. Yes, Wordsworth seems to have risen to the occasion, the radio, and the Grand National. "Aye as he rode, to Pandarus he told" (563 "Troilus" 39). And, "But fondness, and a kind of radiant joy" (714 "Prelude" 9, 315). Or, "A grand domain to squeak and gibber in" (61 "The Borderers" 1304). Or even, "Unscared by thronging fancies of strange hue" (523 "Epistle to Beaumont" 146).

* * *

A teacher of English at Illinois Wesleyan who remembers New Haven and also Canton, Mo., contributes these verses:

MIDLAND LAMENT

In the spring of the year, when people like to go
Down where Geoffrey Chaucer wanted to be—
The water calls me, too, I plainly know,
Off to the edge of things, close to the sea.

I once lived at a haven on the Sound,
And I love the voice of ships that whistle at night—
And Paradise, I think, if it's ever found,
Will be where a shore with greening trees is bright.

I hear the flapping of sails in the vernal wind,
And the creak of ropes on a drying deck that's brown—
So give me an open road for a heart that's pinned
Under the load of a tight and stuffy town.

I can remember the river that runs afar,
Into the Gulf a thousand miles away—
And I can recall the look of a constant star,
That never dimmed over a child at play.

I grew up on the mighty Mississippi,
And I was a "channel-cat" for thirty years;
So when I rave at a land that drives me dippy—
Dub me a fool, but leave me these prairie tears!

WILLIAM EBEN SCHULTZ.

* * *

SINICAL QUATRAIN

The ages on from Eden stretch,
Some full of pomp, some pompless,
Yet man is still a sinful wretch
And woman his accomplice.

HAZEL DUNCAN.

* * *

POEMS ON POSTCARDS

Meditations for a Birthday

I noticed, as quick as anyone did,
How swift is mortal span:—
In 1900, "That Dulcet Kid;"
And now? "That funny Old Man."

DOVE DULCET.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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A Lost Lady

THE FASCINATION. By Jean Pedrick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1947. 198 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by
CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

THIS is a first novel of promise with occasional flashes of sensitivity and some honest writing. At the moment Miss Pedrick lacks sureness, and her individual style has not yet been developed. She relies too heavily on influences; a dash of Saroyan, a soupçon of Dorothy Baker reflect her reading. There is an immaturity in her knowledge and a heavy-handedness in references to "Ulysses," Guernica, and the arts in general. Youth should be served, however, and we can be grateful for several excellent scenes.

In the story of the lame Lennie an immediate chord of response is struck. He represents the book's best writing, emerging as a character of interest, of power, and of vitality. His episode is the real core of the novel. In flashback form we gather the story of Ellen Jason up to the time of her meeting with Lennie. Born of a wealthy mill-owner and an invalid mother to the security of the big house in a factory town, Ellen is led far afield by her yearning. Father Jason, thwarted by unsolved strikes, simply takes off into the blue and is never heard from. Mother dies. Ellen, having had her first physical affair with Italian Joe, a caddy who turns from her respectability in despair, leaves for Boston. This seems to spell independence and a basement flat Bohemia. Truly a lost lady, she wanders the streets, is drawn to the music of Charley's Grille, and there spots Lennie, the man at the piano, the bitter charming god, the magnet of universal attraction. Scarcely a crumb comes Ellen's way, and finally Lennie discards her entirely for his erstwhile loved one. A sadder but wiser Ellen returns to her conventional cousin who had always loved her.

There is terror in the story of how dancing, gloriously graceful Lennie lost the use of his right leg, relinquished his Alice to a Negro lover, bought a 4-F factory war, and nightly burned his passion in music. There is violence in the death of the Negro boy, and sadness at the last as death creates the only possible racial tolerance.

Miss Pedrick does the immigrant, poor section of Boston well. The privileged come off less well. The unevenness of the writing is troublesome, but there is a quality that augurs well for another try.

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(Continued on page 34)

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(Continued from page 33)

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 690

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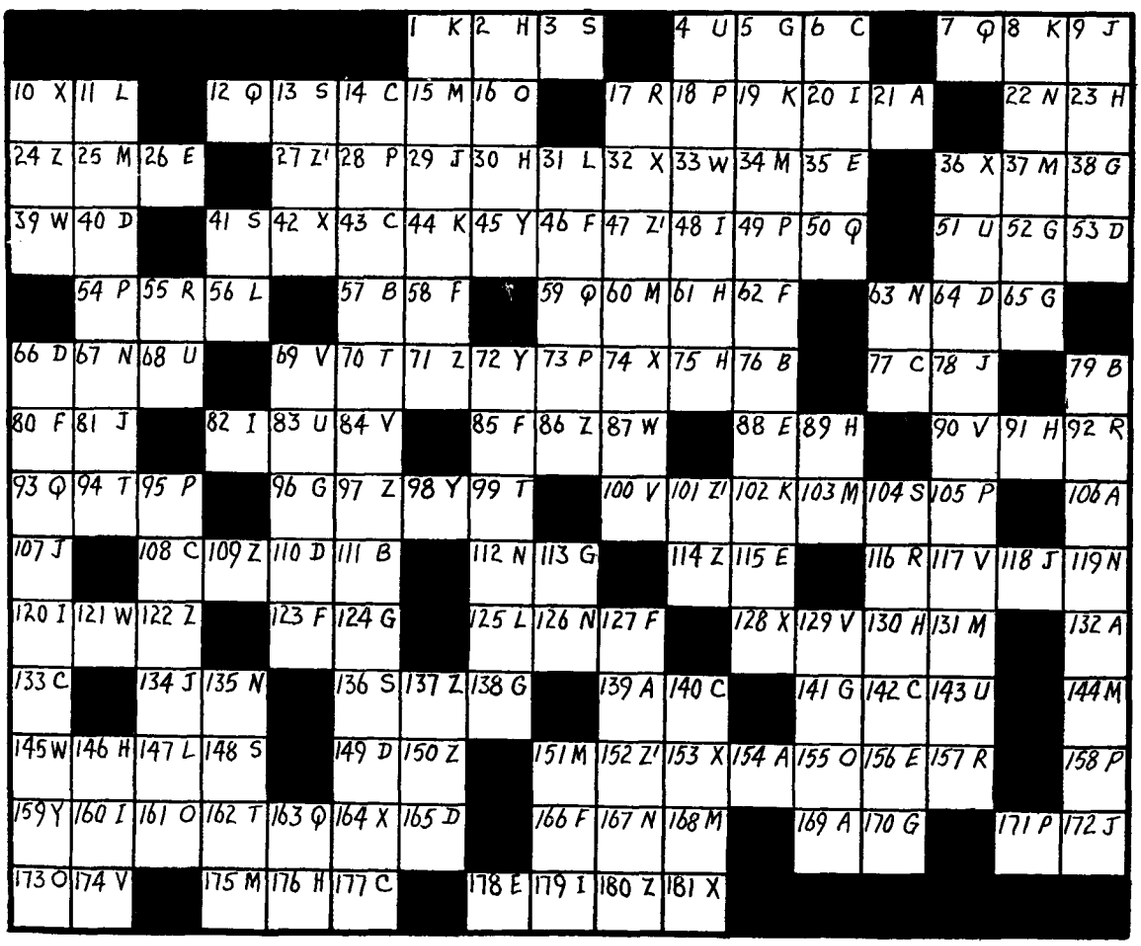
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Full of sprouts.	154 132 139 106 169 21
B. Drudgery; to toil; drudge.	111 79 57 76
C. The limit of a person's mental capacity (2 wds.).	77 140 133 177 6 14 43 108 142
D. Place where flax is soaked or exposed to moisture.	40 53 66 149 110 64 165
E. An aged rustic; an old man; a young chap in Irish.	35 88 178 156 115 26
F. Shifting, as boundaries; moving about.	85 62 166 80 127 46 58 123
G. A lawgiver (Gr. Antiq.).	5 170 96 124 141 52 65 138 38 113
H. Something that invigorates or reanimates.	91 61 30 146 2 130 23 75 89 176
I. Minor character in "The Winter's Tale."	179 160 120 20 48 82
J. Bean-shaped.	78 172 118 134 29 107 81 9
K. Place or condition of neglect or oblivion.	19 44 1 102 8
L. An oxlike antelope of Africa.	31 147 125 11 56
M. To harmonize or agree with (3 wds.).	151 60 25 103 131 15 34 144 175 168 37
N. In ancient Greek houses, an apartment for women; sometimes, a storeroom.	22 67 63 126 112 119 167 135
O. Minor character in "Antony and Cleopatra."	155 16 161 173
P. A by-product; an offshoot.	18 28 105 54 73 49 171 95 158
Q. An empty-headed or stupid person (Slang).	50 93 59 7 163 12
R. An overindulged or effeminate man (Colloq.).	116 55 17 92 157
S. At one's disposal or service (2 wds.).	104 136 13 41 3 148
T. American publisher (1874-1942; *Vogue; House and Garden*).	162 70 94 99
U. Acute and rugged crest of a mountain range (Geog.).	4 83 68 51 143
V. English economist (1766-1834; "An Essay on the Principle of Population," 1798).	69 90 129 84 174 117 100
W. Novel by Dostoievsky (with "The"; 1868-9).	39 87 33 145 121
X. To restore to former state or position (now rare).	32 128 42 36 74 164 153 181 10
Y. An artifice; a trick.	45 159 98 72
Z. At the expense of the firm or the like (Colloq.; 3 wds.).	150 86 71 109 180 114 137 97 122 24
Z.' Grooves.	152 101 47 27

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.

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